THE SUNDAY APPEAL.

ESTABLISHED 1840. MEMPHIS, TENN., SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1868. VOL. 29.—NO. 17

FOR WOMEN.

Numen Lumen—Somnia Omnia.

It was night, and the season of Sleep's quiet reign,
With his phantom court round him, of pleasure or pain,
Now he bears a bright cup, with its wreath of sweet flowers,
And now a pale specter brings terrible hours.

That midnight, he came in his loveliest dress,
The sleeper with what he most longed for to bless,
How he smiled as he stood with the flowers in his vase,
Then shook out the fairest and showed me your face.

My own love! I thought as your form bent above me,
It had come with its charms to caress and to love me
That miles had been passed, and the magic of thought
Had bridged over distance and time—as it ought!

The vision was perfect! I gazed in your eyes—
Not a word could I speak, they were broken with sighs;
Sighs drawn from the heart in its fullness of bliss,
As the rosebud—so like you! bent down for a kiss.

A blush lit your cheeks as our eager lips met,
That soft glowing impress! it lingers here yet,
True and tender as ever, your beautiful eyes!
Why must they fade out like the stars at sunrise?

Though the day has now come and no visions remain,
Sweet feelings within me recall you again,
That hour must soon come—and approach, too, with speed!
When dearest—not dreaming—I'll meet you indeed!

—*Col. F. W. Alexander.*

The Dear Creatures do Suffer So.

Léon Gozlan used to say that a French woman will love her husband if he is either witty or chivalrous; a German woman, if he is constant and faithful; a Dutch woman if he does not disturb her ease and comfort too much; a Spanish woman, if he wreaks vengeance on those who incur his displeasure; an Italian woman, if he is dreamy and poetical; a Danish woman, if he thinks that her native country is the brightest and happiest on earth; a Russian woman, if he despises all Westerners as miserable barbarians; an English woman, if he succeeds in ingratiating himself with the court and the aristocracy; an American woman, if—he has plenty of money.

Emancipated Women?

Paris Caprice, a very spicy Paris journal, pays its respects to the New York Revolution, and presents to its consideration half a column of aphorisms on woman by some of the best French thinkers. Among them is one by Proudhon, the famous political economist: "Emancipated women! they make me shudder; tell your friend that good women should, above all things, take pains to make good soup, and mend the stockings of their husbands." Alfred de Vigny expressed about the same idea in a somewhat seraphic style: "My ideal woman must be good, sweet and useful." Alfred de Musset wrote to Alphonse Karr: "All I ask of a woman is to be beautiful." *Paris Caprice* says: "Our ideal woman must also be good, sweet and useful. As for emancipated women, we insist that any member of the fair sex who occupies herself with political economy should be shot."

Schneider the Great Actress.

Mlle. Schneider was rather unpleasantly treated by her French landlord in London, M. Duguerreau, at whose hotel she stopped during her recent sojourn in the British metropolis. After one of the representations of the Grand Duchess of Gerolstein was over, Mlle. Schneider gave a champagne supper, which soon assumed an exceedingly gay character. When the guests had left Mlle. Schneider, one or two hours after midnight, a waiter knocked at her door and said: "M. Duguerreau wishes to see you, Mademoiselle." "*Faites entrer*," replied the diva of the *sabre de mon pere*. M. Duguerreau came in and said: "Mlle. Schneider, I regret exceedingly that I can not keep you any longer at my house. It has always borne an excellent reputation, which it would lose in case I should tolerate in it a repetition of such drinking scenes as have just taken place in your rooms. My porter will, to-morrow morning, convey your trunks to any palce you may designate." The actress, it is said responded by throwing a tumbler at the landlord.

Burke's Idea of a Perfect Wife.

She is handsome, but it is not a beauty arising from the features, from complexion or shape. She has all three in a high degree, but it is not by these she touches the heart—it is all that sweetness of temper, benevolence, innocence and sensibility which a face can express, that forms her beauty. She has a face that just arouses your attention at first sight; it grows upon you at every moment, and you wonder it did not more than raise attention at first. Her eyes have a mild light, but they awe when she pleases, they command, like a good man out of office, not by authority, but by virtue. Her stature is not tall; she is not made to be the admiration of every one, but the happiness of one. She has the firmness that does not exclude delicacy—all of the softness that does not imply weakness. Her voice is soft, low music, not formed to rule in public assemblies, but to charm those who can distinguish a company from a crowd; it has its advantage, you must come close to hear it. To describe her body, describes her mind—one is the transcript of the other. Her understanding is not shown in the variety of matter it exerts upon, but the goodness of the choice she makes. Her politeness flows rather from a natural disposition to oblige, than any rules on that subject, and, therefore, never fails to strike those who understand good breeding and those who do not.

Maiden Aunts.

Some of the nearest approaches to the perfection of a woman's nature have been made by maiden aunts. And they reach this high eminence without brushing off the bloom of their modesty by ostentatious displays of their self-sacrifices. They pursue their high calling without noise, almost without being aware that they are moving in an exalted sphere. Their thought is not of spectators. They ask not the acclamations of the world. Their eye is not intent upon their reward. In their work they find their motive and their wages. They live in their sympathies and walk in the sunshine of their own broad-diffused love. Perhaps this is one reason, moreover, why maiden aunts, if they have fairly cultivated their own minds, are so interesting in social life. They have generally at their command a fund of disengaged feeling which they are ready to bestow upon affairs outside their own circle. The habit of caring for what is not especially their own prompts them to give a livelier heed to what is passing around them. They often acquire a relish for affairs which their married sisters delegate entirely to their husbands, brothers or sons. They take a more vivacious interest in what concerns the well-being of society, in books and systems, in public movements and events, in matters of art and taste, in knowledge of persons and things beyond domestic limits. As companions, they commonly possess a much wider area over which thought and sympathy can be elicited in conversation, are less reserved, less preoccupied, less engrossed by immediate and urgent responsibilities. Their unconcentrated affections are at liberty for present exercise and momentary enjoyment, and like diffused warmth, can make their genial influence felt over an extended surface. We look upon maiden auntship as a blessed institution, and were all who enter it worthy of it, society would give it pre-eminent honor and distinction.

Little Women.

George Augustus Sala celebrates little women generally, and three little women particularly in the *Belgravia*; describing the Garibaldian army of 1866:

We had but a few, it is true; but their courage and devotion were tremendous. They were full of pluck and "go." They trudged the very boots off their little feet, and then philosophically swathed those members—which I heard in domestic circles called by the playful name of "tootsies"—with haybands, or with scraps of matting, and trudged on as doggedly as before. When they could catch a pony, they rode him *en cavalier*, as English ladies rode before Bohemian Anne was Queen, providing themselves with Knickerbockers, after the sensible fashion introduced by the Unprotected Females in Norway. Our little women were by no means unprotected. The three I especially noticed were all married; and besides, were not all of Garibaldi's thirty-six thousand red shirts their protectors? Blood would have flowed if the slightest rudeness or even discourtesy had been shown to these intrepid Amazons. They never murmured, never grumbled, never repined, never declared that "they were not accustomed to this kind of thing." They were all female Robinson Crusoes—just the kind of little women who should have colonized Mr. Charles Reade's Island (or is it Mr. Dion Boucicault's) in "Foul Play." If there was nothing but salt horse and weevily biscuit to eat, they fed and were thankful. I managed to procure about an ounce and a half of tea for one of these Little Women at Sala, on the Lago di Garda, which tea cost me five francs; and although more than half the compound seemed to be thyme, vervain, scammony, rue, and chopped birch twigs, we made a famous brew, in a red earthen pipkin, covered with a sardine box to keep the flavor in, and enjoyed ourselves immensely. When and where the Little Ones attended to the duties of the toilette, was a mystery; but they always looked fresh and tidy and clean, when we men were dusty and ragged, and as grubby as chimney sweeps. Perhaps they hung up a water-proof sheet in front of a cascade, while we were taking our midnight pipe and siesta, and converted that cool grot into a *cabinet de toilette*. They had an inexhaustible fund of spirits, and were the life and soul of the army. These three Little Women were all ladies; two of them were English; and I am not justified further to particularize their achievements so as to make their identity easy. Their names, once mentioned, would be recognized as household words to thousands of English ears. But thus much I may, without indiscretion, record: that after the battle of Bazecca, the closing engagement of the campaign, the church was full of wounded Garabaldini, who lay there *for four hours* without the slightest attendance. The doctors had not come to the front; the ambulances were not forthcoming; the medicine chests had been mislaid; the surgical instruments could not be found; there was not even so much as a bandage or a tourniquet to be obtained. I know that one of these little women—an English lady of wealth, refinement and position—marched into the midst of these human shambles, where the poor Garibaldini lay on the bare pavement, many of them bleeding to death, and did then and there tear up every rag of linen she had on her body, down to her very shift—pardon me, madam, for using that vulgar word: the genteel term is, I know, a chemise; but in Lady Wortley Montague's time the innermost garment of a lady was called a smock—convert these needments into bandages, and bind up the wounds of those who were most sorely hurt. The blood and muck in that church—it was midsummer, mind you—could have been equaled only by Cawnpore. And then the little woman, with nothing but a stuff skirt and a woolen shawl to cover her—she had absolutely and literally nothing else—went round the village, from door to door, begging for more linen.

THE CONSEQUENCE.

I am sitting up alone with the corpse of the only man I ever loved. He lies so still, so awful still, that the bloody uniform, the rigid head, with the calm, determined features, the stiff hands—one pressed over his head, where the note had been—all are so terrifying to me. The note, soaked through with a drop of blood, that summons me to the lonely vigil, reads:

"I wish Annette to sit up alone with my dead body, and read Southey's Thalaba. She will care for Eveleen.
HENRY PARKHILL."

It was a strange request. Eveleen was his wife and my sister—my darling, beautiful young sister, just two years a wife, and now a widow. Did coming death make him wiser? Did he then for the first time know that I had once loved him? Or was his mind leaving him? They say his last words were, "Annette! Annette!"

And yet he had always been a devoted husband to Eva. She was young and beautiful, and every one had said, when they were married, that it was "a pure love match." These last words, "Annette, Annette," set me dreaming strangely. I have stirred the fire brightly, that it may make no ghostly shadows, and reached down my portfolio, and am writing to keep up my courage. I have turned my back on the corpse. I loved him as only a woman can who loves but once. It is all useless now to say how that was; how I looked up at him as my king, and down at him as my child; how I looked at him from every point of view; how my whole soul wrapped around and around him; how my heart was never alone, but always had him to think about and to croon over; how I laughed at him, and loved him; how he suited me in my gay moods, and how the thoughts of him grasped and shook me in my earnest moods. He was all to me. This dead man was once all that the world contained for me—my light, my future, almost my life. I look back on that former self, with pity and commiseration, as I would on some one else. I have passed a chilling stream since then, that has washed the old identity away from me. I will turn back and dream again to-night.

I thought then that he loved me. His eyes haunted me, his thoughts and attentions were always mine, until one evening he gave me this same Thalaba. Then his manner changed. He was fitful, sometimes cold and restrained, and then as suddenly his eyes and tones would change to melting tenderness. He asked me if I had read it, and I answered hastily and casually, "Yes." It was a falsehood. It was a falsehood. I had intended to read it, but the strange alteration in his manner had so puzzled me that when I was alone I could do nothing but think over it.

When I had answered "Yes," his gray eyes gave a clear, searching look, and his deep voice seemed to tremble with eagerness as he said, "And what do you think?" I was surprised, and answered, "Why, you are wasting a good deal of feeling on the subject."

Instantly his face became cold, ashen. I exclaimed, "Henry—Henry Parkhill, what is it?"

He rose and walked away without answering, and an hour afterward I saw him leaning heavily against a tree, like a man who had received a blow. It was all inexplicable to me. At dinner that day he was quiet and kind, and his manner never changed afterward. I was patient and waited. Sometimes the love that was within me cried out for food. I must have the old tender ways of performing trifling services. I must have the old glances and loving tones. Sometimes I would get up and walk half the night, with my hands clasped above my head, and a famishing cry ever repeating itself in my heart: "Give me Henry, or I die!" But I could not die.

A few weeks after that morning, Eveleen came home from school. She was lovely. Let me think of her as she looked then; I need to remember her now. The slender, graceful figure, the light, floating curls, the good, trustful, charming face, with its infantile sweetness; the sweet, spoilt child voice, with its sauciness that was never saucy, and its fondness that was so witching. The butterfly wings have gone now. I loved her then, I love her now, with a greater love than sisters ordinarily bear for each other, but I never wanted to be like her. Strange to say, I had always a curious fascination for myself. I never wished to change my dark-ringed, agate eyes, that seemed to have a bright light burning in them when I looked at them in the mirror; I liked my large mouth, with its mobility; my short nose was piquant, and lightened my otherwise mournful cast of countenance. Then, too, my white forehead, with its straight, black brows, suited me; my complexion, which is neither fair nor dark, but a shadowed, waxen palor, reminded me too strongly of Goethe's Mignon to be anything but beautiful. If I had been a painter, just such a face would have been my foundation for every picture intended for a display of the passions, and the difference of expression would have made the faces entirely unlike. Henry Parkhill used to say my one set of features held the whole range of human feeling, and—he would end with a laugh—could change sometimes even to beauty.

Eveleen's brightly tender look was sometimes very sweet to me, purifying and calming; and again it insensibly irritated me, it was so shallow and weak, and I would have changed it to anything else, even anger, if I could. But when those soft, uplifted eyes looked at Henry Parkhill, and I saw, as soon as he did, the love that lighted them, then I turned away—strong, resolute to forget, to harden myself, to deceive myself into thinking that I had never cared for him. There seemed to be a valve in my heart that closed down and smothered the love instantly. And I went on my way, seeing, talking, smiling, just as though the soul were not gone out of me, and I was not an empty hull. I was then a devoted hospital visitor, and many wondered that I could bear the constant rack on which my sympathy was stretched—how I could calmly watch the dying, and quietly hear the last horrible cry for mercy when the torments of the condemned had already begun and the dead despair of the last groan, "Too late! too late!" Ah! blessed is the hospital visitor without a heart! I was gentle and soothing in my manner—a habit contracted in the days when a suffering worm was a pain to me—but no sympathy, no blessed human feeling, was in me.

In the meantime, Eveleen was to be married to Henry Parkhill. The night of the wedding, just before the ceremony, I was leaving Eveleen's room, where I had been quieting and calming her, when I met Henry Parkhill on the stairs. I had my most cordial smiles all ready for the occasion, and was passing him with a merry word, when his wistful look stopped me.

"Annette," he said, coming close to me, and laying his hand on my head, "God bless you and forgive me."

I looked up in his face, and my lips "felt for a smile," but could not find it. He looked at me with a wandering gaze, and turned away. I walked into the dark room just behind me, and closing the door, sat down, with my head against it, upon the floor. I sat in a blind, dead, vacant way, and then getting up, I crept down stairs, just in time to take my place as bridesmaid.

The time passed heavily enough, but still it passed. It was a comfort to me, and the only one I had, to see that the months were going, and that "horrible appetite for deaths," that inexpressed and unexpressible longing for the grave—the grave, the quiet and the darkness—took firm hold upon me.

And yet who so constantly cheerful as I? Who so bright and active? I think I received more admiration than I ever remember to have had before. My face lost its dark shadows, and became lighter and brighter—a surface expression—though the old eyes would look terrifically at me at nights from the depths of the mirror. They had a famished look, but why was it? I felt nothing—how then could I need anything?

One night we were sitting around the fire in this very room, about a year after Eveleen's marriage. She was sitting on that ottoman, sewing, just before the fire, which brightened the tint of the blue dress that, contrasting with the light curls and peach-blossom complexion, made an effective picture. I was over there in the shadow by the mantel, telling them a long story that I was improvising. It was a common habit for me to improvise in that way for their amusement. Henry was standing opposite, leaning on the mantel, and looking down at me. At some point in my narrative he said:

"That's like Southey's Thalaba."

"I have never read it," I said.

"Not anything in it?" he asked, in a strange, unnatural voice.

"No. The clasp is a little difficult to unfasten, and I have never opened it. You remember that I said once that I had, but it was a fib."

Just then he sat down slowly, and, as the light fell on his face, I wondered I had not noticed before how old and worn he looked. I continued my story, and as I finished he raised his head, looked at me helplessly, and gasped, "water!"

Eveleen turned at him, but putting her off with one hand and taking the glass of water I held, he drank it and leaned back in the chair. He did not seem weak or failing, but his whole face looked as though in a mortal convulsion. After a little he smiled faintly and reassured Eveleen. "It was only a spasm of the heart," he said.

The effect of that never afterward seemed to leave him, and sometimes, when we were alone together, he would look just as he did then. I thought he was afraid of terrifying Eveleen. We recommended medical advice, but he steadily refused to see a physician; and when the war came he suddenly accepted a commission, and was ordered to the front almost immediately.

The night he was to leave he knocked at my door and said: "Hurry—dress; I am going, and must see you." I came out in a few moments. He was standing writing on a slip of paper resting against the wall. He folded the slip of paper and put it in his pocket-book; then, turning to me, held out his arms. Eveleen was waiting for him at the foot of the stairs. I did not move. He came to me, lifted me in his arms and ran down the stairs with me. For one second his lips scorched mine; then he put me down on the lower step. Eveleen was waiting for him, and I walked quietly up stairs, undressed, went back to bed and slept heavily until morning.

The first news from him was the published bulletin telling of his mortal wound received in the first fight. "Brave to rashness," was the comment. He had made a hopeless charge, and half his men were killed or wounded. Next came the body and the note. Did I weep? Can the dead weep? I am even as he. Thalaba! Thalaba! I'll get it down and look at it. Strange that it should always have so affected him! Here is the book. It is beautifully bound, a fancy of his. I'll stop writing and read.

* * * * * * * *

I have seen it. Let me write it, that I may preserve my reason. After the clasp was opened, there fell out this paper, bearing the date of the day he gave the book to me:

"Annette Wilder—I have always loved you—I have always loved. No one could ever love you half so well. Will you be everything to me?—will you be my wife? My heart is so full that I cannot write. Answer me if I may hope; if not, be silent. Yours always.
"HENRY PARKHILL."

As I write these words, the first human feeling that I have felt for two long years comes back to me. God grant that with the suffering may come some heavenly healing—that I may "know wherefore He has afflicted me."—*Eclectic.*

—The Boston *Transcript*, in a notice of Bishop Simpson's lecture, says: "The Bishop predicted that in a few years, here in Boston, we would have Chinese servants in our houses. Paterfamilias referred to this at the breakfast table this morning, when little Minnie, after awhile, came to his chair, and whispered, "Oh! pa, won't it be nice! We shall have a Chinese servant, and she will eat all the rats, so we won't have to keep a cat!"

FOR CHILDREN.

"The Strolling Player."

Running away from mother,
Bareheaded up the street,
Kicking the dust into yellow smoke
With little roguish feet;

Tossing it over his clean white dress,
Into his stocking heels,
Choking the little wooden horse
That trundles along on wheels;

Dreaming away with wide blue eyes
And speculating why
God won't give him the golden ball
That drops in the quivering sky;

What's the use of that pretty pink cloud,
Sailing away so high,
If you can't have a ride in it;
And it's just no use to try!

If that woman grew with glasses on;
If this house is papa's;
Why that nice red cow won't talk to him,
Looking across the bars;

Into the neighbors' gates and doors!
Under their cherry trees!
Into mischief and out again,
Whenever he may please;

Wandering at last to the old church steps,
Little horse and all;
Climbing up laboriously—
Too bad if he should fall!

Pushing in, with dimpled hands,
The great door strong and tall,
Letting the sweet warm summer light
Slide down the shadowed wall;

Standing there in the solemn hush
Of chancel, nave, and dome;
Thinking it is prettier
Than the sitting room at home;

Standing still in the broken lights
That shimmer through the place,
Mellowing down through painted glass
Like rainbows on his face.

Not a bit afraid—ah, no indeed!
Of the shadows vast and dim;
Quite at home! and sure it was made
All on purpose for him.

* * * * * * *

The old, old words come up to me,
Spoken so long ago,
About the heavenly temple
Where you and I would go—

The beautiful, waiting temple,
Which has no room for sin;
Something about a little child,
And the way of entering in.

[*Our Young Folks.*

Good Night Thought.

"Give us something to think about before we go to sleep, mamma dear," pleaded Charlie.

"Well," said mamma, turning away from the window, where she had been watching the sky, "take this: 'every cloud has a silver lining.'"

"That's beautiful," said little Harry, "but I don't quite know what it means."

"I'll leave you to think over it, and if you can tell me by bed time to-morrow what it means, we will have a nice little talk about it then. Now, one sweet kiss and good night."

"Do you think the clouds are really lined with silver, Charlie?" asked little Harry, after mamma had gone down.

"No, of course not, they would be too heavy, you know. But I'm sure they look like it sometimes. Didn't you ever notice how it seems as though the wind blew a corner, as black as our coats, and showed the lining all white or golden?"

"Yes, often," said Harry." "I guess God puts the dark side down on purpose because the lining is too bright for us to look at; like Moses, you know, when he came down from the mountains."

"It must be because the other part is nearer Heaven," said Charlie, thoughtfully.

"I wonder if the clouds are not the floor of Heaven, Charlie," and Harry raised his curly head from the pillow, "you know it is all paved with gold?"

"Yes, but I guess the clouds mamma meant, must be sorrow or trouble, because you know how often, when papa was sick, and after baby died, she sang—

Be still sad heart, and cease repining!
Behind the clouds, is the sun still shining.

And she told me what it meant, that no matter how much sorrow we have, it is for the best, for God sends it in love."

"Oh!" and with a long sigh of disappointment the curly head sank back, and there was silence. Presently an eager little voice burst out:

"Charlie, Charlie, are you asleep? I've found out about the clouds. It's the brightness of Jesus' love bursting through."

Little reader, was Harry right?—*Young Reaper.*

Verdict of a Jury of Boys.

When Dr. Nathaniel Prentice taught a public school in Roxbury he was very much a favorite; but his patience at times would get very much exhausted by the infractions of the school rules by the scholars. On one occasion, in rather a wrathy way, he threatened to punish with six blows of a heavy ferule the first boy detected in whispering, and appointed some as detectors. Shortly after one of the detectors shouted:

"Master, John Zeigler is whispering."

John was called up and asked if it was a fact. (John, by the way, was a favorite, both with his teacher and schoolmates.)

"Yes," answered John, "I was not aware of what I was about; I was intent on working out a sum, and requested the boy who sat next, to hand me the arithmetic that contained the rule which I wished to see."

The Doctor regretted his hasty threat, but told John that he could not suffer him to whisper or escape the punishment, and continued:

"I wish I could avoid it, but cannot, without a forfeiture of my word. I will," he continued, "leave it to any three scholars you may choose to say whether or not I shall omit the punishment."

John said that he agreed to that, and immediately called out G. S., T. D. and D. P. D. The Doctor told them to return a verdict, which they soon did, (after consultation,) as follows:

"The master's word must be kept inviolate—John must receive the threatened six blows of the ferule; but it must be inflicted on voluntary proxies—and we, the arbitrators, will share the punishment by receiving each of us two of the blows."

John, who had listened to the verdict, stepped up to the Doctor, and with outstretched hands exclaimed:

"Master, here is my hand; they shan't be struck a blow; I will receive the punishment."

The Doctor, under pretence of wiping his face, shielded his eyes, and telling the boys to go to their seats, he said he would think of it. I believe he did think of it to his dying day; but the punishment was never inflicted.—*Middlesex Journal.*

Very Like Grown Folks.

Three little girls, aged from four to six, "went calling" at Springfield, Mass., a few days ago. Ringing an imaginary door bell at the foot of a tree, which they played was the residence of one of the ladies on their "list," and supposing themselves to have been admitted by that individual, the eldest of the callers did up the conversation after this fashion: "O, how do you do? O yes, it is a beautiful day! How's Hattie? It's very lonesome down at our house, and I'd like to have Hattie come and stay with me My husband has to go to his work at three o'clock every morning; and, besides, he's taken a freak to sleep alone lately, and I humor him in it. And the nights are getting cool now, you know, and I'd like to have Hattie come and stay all night. There! I see my husband coming, and I'll have to say good afternoon. Now, if you don't return this call soon, I shall be *very* unhappy. O dear! he's almost home, and the house is all locked up and *everything*!" and the lady tripped away to meet the four-year gentleman who had lately been indulging that reprehensible "freak."

How Can Boys and Girls do Good to Animals?

There is probably no one of you boys and girls who read this who may not, if you will, do some kindness to animals. Every month after you have read this little paper yourselves let your playmates read it, and you will thus be teaching them to love the beautiful creatures God has given us, and loving them, to love him who made them.

When you see boys robbing bird's nests or stoning birds, or squirrels, or other harmless animals, or shooting them, or catching, destroying or tormenting them, tell such boys that all these have their mates and companions just as we have, and feel pain just as we do, and are perhaps as fond of life and liberty as we are, and were all created and put here for useful purposes, and ask them what fun there can be in killing or wounding them, or making them suffer. Ask them whether it is brave to torment the weak, whether it would not be nobler and more honorable to protect, and more pleasing to our Father in Heaven who created and cares for them all? And the larger animals, you will have many chances of doing them good. Feed them, give them water, speak kindly to them, try to make them happy, and see how grateful they will be, and how much they will love you for it, and how happy it will make you to see them happy. My young friends, every kind act you can do for the weak and defenceless will make you happier, nobler and better; all good people will love you and respect you the more for it, and as your bodies grow your hearts will grow larger and richer to bless the world.

WIT---WISDOM.

"I'm Sorry I Purchased my Nell a Piano."

I'm sorry I purchased my Nell a piano,
For whenever I call my beloved to see,
She's thumping away in a terrible manner,
And pays not the slightest attention to me.
Her playing is dreadful, for I often linger
To list to some favorite air of my own,
And the way that she uses each fairy-like finger,
Would make Gounod shudder and Offenbach groan.

I've seen "Captain Jenks," with the "Sword of My Father,"
The "Guinea Pig Boy" on the "Flying Trapeze;"
She puts "Nell the Belle" and "Sweet Alice" together,
With "Mabel," all waltzing with wonderful ease;
She sets "Isabella with her Gingham Umbrella,"
To drink "Bittah Beah" with the "Chief of the Clan,"
While "Beautiful Dreamer" and "Gentle Zitella"
Are dancing the "Can Can" with "Sarah's Young Man."

She frequently "Keeps the Bell Ringing for Sarah,"
And wraps "Pat Malloy" in the "Flag of the Free;"
At times 'tis exceedingly painful to hear her
Declare that her "Darling Dwells over the Sea."
She makes old "Jim Crow," like a second Bonfanti,
With "Sweet Annie Lisle" dance a "Donnybrook Reel,"
While she takes "Dandy Pat" from the "Irishman's Shanty,"
And "Rocks Him to Sleep" with "Miss Norah O Neal."

She weds "Nellie Gray" with fierce old "Tam O'Shanter,"
And tells me she hopes the "Birds will Come Again."
Then sends "Robin Ruff" in a rollicking canter
To catch "The Young Widow I Met in the Train."
Yes! I'm sorry I purchased my Nell a piano,
For whenever I call my beloved to see,
She's thumping away in a terrible manner,
And pays not the slightest attention to me!

—*Edward Ellis Kidder.*

Mechanical Powers.

THE LEVER—WHEEL AND AXLE—INCLINED PLANE—SCREW—WEDGE.

From London Judy.]

The first is the lever, which is a kind of bar; thus, the English bar is a powerful lever to lift people up. Sometimes, by a little pressure, it has been known to raise them to the peerage; but, on the other hand, the bar of the Old Bailey has a directly opposite tendency. A ticket-of-leaver is the most efficient lever for felonious operations. Any bar can be used for lifting; the crowbar is the kind generally adopted for shoplifting. If you wish to know more on this subject, with which watch making is connected, study Lever's works.

The wheel and axle is a mechanical power that usually does its work weel and exle-lently. There are various kinds of wheels; but a fly-wheel is necessary to all machinery, so that London cab proprietors can make a good thing of it by disposing of their old ones. The Wheel of Life has a comic turn, and revolves, probably, on a pivot of mirth, which must of course be very different from the center of gravity.

The Inclined Plane. The best definition of this power is a plain lady (of uncertain age), who is inclined for matrimony; but in this case the drawing, or attractive power, is generally rather deficient.

A disinclined plane is a plane that's out of order, and won't work. The carpenter who attempted to smooth a plank with Salisbury Plain was plainly an idiot.

The screw is the most powerful of all the mechanical forces. A screw loose is universally acknowledged to be a terrible misfortune, and fatal to the successful working of all social, mental, and political conditions.

A ship's screw, or propeller, is essential to the very motion of the vessel; in fact, a ship's screw propels her.

The formation of a screw proper is that of a cylinder wrapped round with a spiral coil, such as——Dear me! how can I make myself understood? Well, imagine the monument turned inside out, and the stairs on the exterior; that will give a good idea of it.

The wedge is the last mechanical power, and the insertion of the thin edge of it is well known to produce great changes in every kind of social machinery. There's no wedge like a sharp one for rail-splitting, or cleaving logs. (See Wedgewood.)

—Elasticity is another property possessed by mechanical bodies, and is shared in common by india-rubber, bankrupts' lockets and lawyers' consciences.

—Two bodies meeting ("Comin' through the rye," for instance), frequently strike each other, especially if both are young and tolerably good looking—in which case I ask, as a scientific person, "need a body cry?"

—Bodies have the power of communicating motion to each other; thus, a body of police will set in very rapid motion a crowd principally consisting of pickpockets. You can test this in any low-cality—the lower the better—in London.

—A body of directors, with power to add to their number, may be defined as an elastic body. This power is exhibited in equal degrees by Baron Munchausen and Judy's feline companion; both have the power of stretching their tales to an alarming extent.

—Consult duty, not events. We have nothing to do but to mind our duty. Oh how quiet, as well as holy, would our lives be, had we learned that single lesson, to be careful for nothing, but to do our duty, and to leave all consequences to God.

—The principal mechanical qualities of atoms are *attraction*, *repulsion* and *inertia*. Mechanical attraction is that which draws a mechanic to a public house, repulsion turns him out when he has had too much, and inertia is too frequently the state in which he lies in the gutter outside.

—Goldsmith says: True eloquence does not consist, as the rhetoricians assure us, in saying great things in a sublime style, but in a simple style, for there is, properly speaking, no such thing as sublime style—the sublimity lies only in the things; and when they are not so, the language may be turgid, affected metaphorical, but not affecting.

—The Passumpsic river is spoken of as a "liquid corkscrew." It is a most crooked stream of water, and is fully entitled to the name given it by some unknown local genius. The stream is not a large one, but it furnishes motive power to innumerable mills and manufactories, and is therefore regarded with very kindly feelings by the inhabitants. The railway is obliged to cross it about thirty times in the space of twenty-five miles, and in one section of seven miles there are eleven bridges, averaging thirty-five feet in length.

RELIGIOUS.

Lord Brougham's Favorite Hymn.

The following hymn was sung very often at the request of Lord Brougham, in the English church at Cannes, France, and was his favorite. It was the hymn sung at his funeral. The words are given, and the singing of it, it is said, always produced in him visible emotion. And what, do our English readers think, was this hymn? No other than a Scottish paraphrase with which Henry Brougham had been familiar in his childhood. These paraphrases were collected by the Church of Scotland just about the time he was born, in St. Andrew's square, Edinburg, and were read and admired in all families, conned in the schools, and sung in the churches. Who can doubt that little Henry had often repeated this same paraphrase on Sundays at his mother's knee, an excellent and admirable woman, the niece of Principal Robertson, the historian?—that he had often heard it resounding through the arches of St. Andrew's church, to the grand ancient tunes, St. Paul's, or Montrose, or the Martyrs? Long, long years rolled between—years of proud science, of vaulting ambition, of debates like thunder storms, of passions like those of a tiger, of worldly intrigue, worldly vice perhaps, perhaps also seasons of incredulity, of indifference to the spiritual instincts in man. Then behold the snows of nigh ninety winters lightly sprinkled over that still firm, massive head; look into those eyes, still meteoric with something of their former wild fire, yet softening now, and brooding as the great era of mortal change approaches. See the terrible orator, at whose voice Senates have trembled, sitting quiet and benign in the little chapel at Cannes. Hear the choir uplift their voices, strengthed by the devotion-breathing organ. Lo, the great old lord at Cannes becomes again the child of St. Andrew's square; the angels of his youth are whispering in his aged ear:

Let not your hearts with anxious thoughts
Be troubled or dismayed;
But trust in providence divine,
And trust my gracious aid.

I to my father's house return;
There numerous mansions stand,
And glory manifold abounds
Through all the happy land.

I go your entrance to secure,
And your abode prepare;
Regions unknown are safe to you,
When I, your Friend, am there.

Thence shall I come, when ages close,
To take you home with me;
There we shall meet to part no more,
And still together be.

Tobacco in Churches.

An "old lady" contributor to the Jefferson (Texas) *Times* thus discourses about the uses of tobacco in churches:

"I should say it is not "mock modesty" that forms the barrier to a woman's escort sitting with her, but tobacco juice only—that, and nothing more. In the parlor men generally have the decency to leave tobacco behind; but in church they feel no restraint, and such a sight as the floor presents is simply disgusting! We need go no further for a solution of the subject; so long as men chew tobacco in church, and spew ambier over the floor, and ladies wear long sweeping garments, they cannot sit in company.

* * *

I would like to reach the ear of every mother in Texas, and say to her, teach your little boys and girls to hate tobacco in every form while they are infants—while mother's word is law with them—its use is a disgusting practice, that works no good, but often leads to more degrading habits."

Looking Glasses.

What if there should be a resurrection of that which has been buried in looking glasses? Little children's faces, anxious mothers, budding girls beginning to suspect their own beauty, vain and giggling looks, grave and sad looks of those who hate to grow old, vexed looks of those who have cut themselves in shaving, timid and anxious looks of those who have been sick, double images of lovers glancing upon the sweet picture of their embrace, prim and prig pedants touching up their gray whiskers, and covering their baldness with the few stray locks yet left, simple and wonderful look of curly and woolly Phillis, whose honest, homely face, is just as dear to her as if it were Cleopatra's.—*Norwood.*

On Censure.

"For my part," says Rev. John Newton, "if my pocket was full of stones, I have no right to throw one at the greatest backslider upon earth. I have either done as bad or worse than he; or I certainly should if the Lord had left me a little to myself, for I am made of just the same materials; if there be any difference, it is wholly of grace."

Old Hundred.

In a recently published sermon, that eloquent and sympathetic divine, the Rev. Robert Collyer, of Chicago, says that "Luther took the grand measure we know as Old Hundred, from the ballad music of the peasants of his time." As this idea respecting this magnificent piece of music, though very common, is erroneous, it may be worth while to state the truth respecting it. It was not derived from ballad music, but appears to have been compiled from the Gregorian chants. There are four of these old chants in existence, from which the words of "Old Hundred" may be made up. Its compiler was not Luther, but most probably William Franc, who furnished the music to the "Geneva Psalms," published in 1564. In that publication the tune in question was contained. It was originally known as the One Hundredth Psalm. Thence its present title.—*New York Sun.*

Take Him With You.

Christ at the counting-desk, as you meet that trembling debtor whom you are about to deliver over to the dogs of the law, to say to you, Forgive seventy times seven.

Christ at the pen, to indite that article, to turn that brilliant sentiment to his glory. Christ at the fireside, to give example to childhood of the walk and conversation that befits you. Christ at the polls, to tell you to love your country, to accord to your neighbor the love you would that he should have for you.

Christ in the pulpit instead of self, the sophistry of your own sermon, or the deductions of your own rhetoric. Christ in the pew, to practice what you hear, and to take all to yourself.

Christ on Monday morning, giving light and love to your own countenance, and causing your face to shine in gladness.

Christ at the bedside, to point the sufferer to Him who suffered for all.

Christ at the mast-head, to bear his life and teachings, when out of sight of men, unto all climes and nations.

Christ in the dungeon, to justify, solace, and save from crime, and restore to citizenship again. Christ with the lost one, as she struggles with the demon of poverty, and the wiles of her seducer.

Christ with the statesman, to bid him, in the fear of God, do all things, knowing all government is from him.

Christ at the cradle, to bend the pliant twig, and give it purpose and beauty for ever.

Christ everywhere—no matter where.

An Ancient Bible.

One of the ancient curiosities in the way of printing is now in the possession of Justice E. H. Bates, of this city. It is a Bible two hundred and fifty years old, the date of its imprint being the year 1615. The book is ponderous in size because of the crude illustrations and large type, but in all other respects corresponds with the Protestant version of the present day, save the changed style of spelling words, capitalizing, and slight difference of punctuation.—*Washington Star.*

A CHURCH is now being erected in Madagascar on the very spot where four nobles—one of them a female—were buried alive on account of their profession of Christianity. At the same place fourteen martyrs were buried, who had been hurled from a precipice, because of their renunciation of heathenism.

MASONIC.

The Door of the Heart.

Tyle the Door carefully, Brothers of skill,
Vigilant workers in Valley and Hill;
"Cowans and eaves droppers" ever alert.
Tyle the Door carefully, Door of the Heart.
CHORUS.—Carefully, carefully,
Tyle the Door carefully,
Tyle the Door carefully,
Door of the Heart!

Guard it from envyings let them not in,
Malice and whisperings—creatures of sin;
Bid all unrighteousness sternly depart,
Brothers in holiness Tyling the Heart.
CHORUS.—Holily, holily,
Tyle the Door holily,
Tyle the Door holily,
Door of the Heart.

But should the Angels of mercy draw nigh,
Messengers sent from the Master on high,
Should they come knocking with mystical art,
Joyfully open the Door of the Heart.
CHORUS.—Joyfully, joyfully,
Ope the Door joyfully,
Ope the Door joyfully,
Door of the Heart!

Are they not present, those Angels, to-night,
Laden with riches and sparkling with light?
Oh! to enjoy all the bliss they impart,
Let us in gratitude open the Heart.
CHORUS. Gratefully, thankfully,
Ope the Door thankfully,
Ope the Door thankfully,
Door of the Heart!

Congress of Freemasons.

A Masonic Congress, embracing representatives of the craft from all parts of the world, has been convoked for the 18th of September, at Havre, France. There are five questions set down for discussion at this meeting:

1. Masonry at the present time: Does it maintain itself on a level with social and humanitarian progress?

2 On the influence of Masonry on the general progress of sentiments, ideas and manners. How this influence should be exercised at present?

3. The fundamental principles of Masonry being universal, what measures should be taken in order that regular Masons may make themselves known in workshops, with all the rites and all the obediences?

4. How can Freemasons react on our epoch against the idea of war, which is the negative of human fraternity?

5. In what measure and in what manner is it proper to practice proselytism against the profane?

Masonic Researches in Syria.

A correspondent of the Boston *Traveler*, writing from Beirut, Syria, June 23, says: Among the Americans who have visited Syria during the past season, whose travels here will probably bear fruit on their return, are Mr. Church, the American artist, whose "Niagara" and "Heart of the Andes" have already made him famous in America and on the Continent, and Dr. Robert Morris, the delegate of the Freemasons, of the West, who wished to trace out the traditions of Masonry in the land of Hiram, King of Tyre, and of Solomon, the great Masons of antiquity. Dr. Morris has succeeded in the object of his mission, and left Syria last week on his homeward voyage, carrying the results of his labors with him, in the shape of several tuns of wood and stone, and of antiquities, which he has gathered up with great industry and zeal at Tyre, at Gebail, Damascus, Jerusalem, and from all places of interest throughout the land. With these trophies he will delight his Masonic brethren all over the land, as he tells them of the traces of the great craftsmen—Solomon and Hiram—which he discovered in various places of scriptural interest. The worthy Doctor did much by his honest zeal and unaffected enthusiasm to stir up an interest in Freemasonry, and it is to be hoped that he will be able to stir up an interest at home in the numerous lodges of his world-wide order in the Holy land, and to infuse something of his own Christian spirit into a society which professes to do so much for humanity.

The Knights of Malta.

The Knights, or Hospitallers of St. John, afterward known as Knights of Rhodes, and finally called Knights of Malta, was a military religious Order, established about the commencement of the Crusades.

As early as 1048, some merchants from Amalfi, in Naples, being struck with the misery to which the pilgrims were exposed on their road to the Holy Land, obtained permission of the Caliph of Egypt to erect a church and build a monastery near the site of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, which they dedicated to St. John the Baptist. They entertained all pilgrims that came for devotion, and cured the diseased among them. They became eminent for their devotion, charity and hospitality. St. John the Baptist being their patron, they were called Brethren Hospitallers of St. John the Baptist of Jerusalem, to distinguish them from the Knights of the Holy Sepulchre. They took the black habit of the Hermits of St. Augustine, and on the left breast wore a cross of eight points. "In war they wore crimson, with a white cross, but in their monasteries, and on the day of their profession, the black garment only."

The Assembly is called a Council. The officers are, 1. Commander; 2 Generalissimo; 3 Captain General; 4. Prelate; 5 Senior Warden; 6 Junior Warden; 7. Treasurer; 8 Recorder; 9. First Guard; 10. Second Guard; 11. Standard Bearer; 12. Warder; 13. Sentinel.

This Order must be conferred in an asylum of a legal Commandery of Knights Templar, or in a Council of the Order of Malta, regularly convened for the purpose, distinct from, and *after*, the Templar's Order.

Sufficient time should be devoted to conferring the degree that it may be well understood.

Nightly Conversations with an Unseen Man.

From the Meridian (Miss.) Gazette.]

There is a veritable ghost at Greenwood, Miss. The spirit of a man named Clarke, who was murdered at the front door of a house in that place about fifteen years ago, has returned to earth and holds nightly conversations with a young Mr. Waddington. In a letter to the Yazoo *Banner*, a passenger on the Plain City says: "On last Friday night, while the Plain City was tied at Greenwood, her Captain, Milt Dent, and her clerk, Mr. Hardy, together with Mr. John Johnson, and other passengers, heard a long and detailed conversation between Mr. Waddington and the ghost or spirit of Mr. Clarke. The editor of the Yazoo *Banner* says the facts are so well attested that he cannot discredit them, and that half of the marvellous pranks of the mysterious visitor have not been told. The ghost predicts the triumphant election of Seymour and Blair. It rattles and shakes the above mentioned front door furiously, in the presence of crowds of curious citizens, who search in vain to discover any human or other agency. The *Banner* promises further developments.

Gifted Women.

It is, perhaps, not yet known to what a height of charm and excellence a gifted woman can elevate herself, if she is allowed to mature, and if she herself will have the patience to wait her complete development to enter into complete life. They are married too young, they are mothers before they have ceased to be children. They are educated, besides, in a way to prolong this infancy through all their life; accordingly, they have lost all real power and all legitimate business in society.

—Some years ago, in New Brighton, Pa., at a conference meeting, the brethren and sisters were asked to name the number of persons each could accommodate with food and lodging. One could accommodate two, another four, etc. One lady arose, saying, "I have but one bed, and that I will share with any brother who will promise to behave himself."

—Here is a very Frenchy story. A worldly *cure* was offered a seat in the box of a certain French Senator, to witness a representation of "La Belle Helene." He replied to the offer: "It is impossible for me to go. The ecclesiastical rules prevent me. But if M. le Senateur wishes me to confess him, I might get an idea of the piece in that way."

LITERARY AND DRAMATIC.

—Favorite rations with stage managers—gy-rations.

—Tupper is very gray, and as full of twaddle as ever.

—"Smoked Glass" is the title of Orpheus C. Kerr's new book.

—Painful times are anticipated when Miss Louisa Payne arrives.

—A dance-house in Boston has been turned into a mission room.

—Why is a ballet girl like a dog in mid-summer? Because she needs muslin.

—Verdi has had a new opera house in his native village of Busseto, named after him.

—Blitz, the old original and genuine Signor Blitz, is at Dodworth's Hall, New York, and draws good houses.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson is said to have devoted six hours a day to study for the last twenty-five years.

—The letters of the late Czar Nicholas, pronounced quite foolish by many critics, are to be published in Berlin.

—Tennyson has an income from his works of about £7000 per annum, and is said to be exceedingly thrifty withal.

—A new edition of the "Rejected Addresses" of the Brothers Smith has appeared in England, with five illustrations.

—Mr. Ross has lately become managing editor of the Boston *Advertiser*. Mr. Goddard, late of Worcester, is its leader writer.

—The pretty Princess Dagmar writes very graceful sonnets, and even her marriage has not caused her to hang her harp on a willow.

—Patti's husband is willing that she should make his name famous. She is now billed for the opera as Marquise de Caux.

—The "White Fawn," now running at the Chestnut, Philadelphia, has been changed somewhat, and several new features introduced.

In Nashville the condition of affairs is about the same. John Robinson's great circus was showing there yesterday and daybefore.

—Bonner has fallen back upon Mrs. Southworth's "Hidden Hand," and is giving his readers weekly instalments of that touching tale.

—Alexander Dumas, Sr., relishes a pipe of Tobacco and opium, and a glass of absinthe, about two in the morning, above everything else in life.

—The Theater Comique, New York, has been reopened as a varieties theater, by Lingard, an established favorite, and has thus far been as successful as could be wished.

—Kinglake sent the MS. of his "Crimean War" to the publishers in the box used by Wellington for the transmission of his dispatches from Waterloo. Honored Wellington!

—The Hanlon Brothers are exhibiting a velocipede at New York, with an improvement of their own invention, by which twenty miles an hour can be made.

—In Memphis, the only place of amusement now open is the "Varieties" Theater, and this is conducted in such a manner as to be a place where no gentleman would care to be caught.

—Mr. Grau has received a cablegram announcing the sailing on Tuesday of his Opera Bouffe company. The season opens at the French Theater on the 5th October, with Offenbach's "Genevieve de Brabant."

—Madame Victor Hugo has left the manuscript of the second volume of the Life of Victor Hugo ready for the press. Its title will be "Victor Hugo as a politician and in exile."

—"Foul Play," Read's version, produced last week at the Walnut, Philadelphia, seems to have made a fair hit, bad as the play is, and a series of good houses was the result. It is on the bills for the current week.

—A complimentary testimonial is about to be tendered to Meyer Elsas, on which occasion some of the best amateur talent of New York will appear. The affair will be under the management of the Warren Combination.

—At the Salt Lake Theater, Miss Ince has appeared in "Evadne," "Mary Stuart," "Ion," and other pieces, and her performances are praised by the Salt Lake critics.

—The "Poems of Charles G. Halpine," edited by his associate on his paper, are in course of publication by the Messrs. Harpers. They will appear within a few weeks.

—Dr. Holland writes concerning the death of Adah Isaacs Menken: "A story is current, which I give for what it is worth, that she laid a wager she could drink a given quantity of whisky; won her bet and died."

—Gail Hamilton declines to be a Vice President of Sorosis, while warmly indorsing the woman's club idea. She objects to the male nomenclature of officers in vogue, and nominated herself to the position of "Grand Aunty," which was unanimously accorded to her.

—Prefect Haussmann is one of the best violoncellists in Paris. At a soiree in Fontainebleau recently, he and Jean Jacques Offenbach played a duet which pleased the Empress so much that she said to the great beautifier of Paris: "M. Haussmann, if your enemies should get the better of you, I shall appoint you my *maitre de chapelle*."

—Mrs. Lander's "Elizabeth" is a great piece of acting, which has attracted much attention at the Broadway theater. The management has wisely decided to retain "Elizabeth" on the boards as long as it is so well received. Mrs. Lander is admirably supported by Messrs. J. H. Taylor, George Beeks, and James Taylor, and the tragedy is well presented, with strict attention to historical details.

—Mrs. O'Donavon Rossa, the talented but unhappy lady—working with her pen and voice, using her gifts of mind and grace of person in the literary world or upon the public boards, in order to accumulate the necessary funds to free a husband, unjustly convicted, from his English dungeon—is about to issue a volume of her poems.

—One of the Parisian theaters publishes the following advertisement: "To-night, the Grand Duchess of Gerolstein, His Highness, Prince Paul of Thurn and Taxis, will perform Prince Paul." The theater in question is Madame Bruning's German Theater, where the Prince of Thurn and Taxis, who recently gave up his title in order to marry an actress and become himself an actor, has been engaged. His debut is one which will certainly displease his august relatives in Germany, among whom are the Empress of Austria and the King of Bavaria.

—Clergymen of repute have written pieces expressly for the stage. Court and prelacy, in the first Charles's days, hailed the solemn dramas of the Rev. W. Cartwright. Dr. Brady—half of the untuneful author, "Tate-and-Brady"—wrote as unmelodious tragedy as he did psalms; and the Rev. Dr. Young contributed three tragedies, one of which was first represented for the benefit of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts. In the last century there were, further, the Rev. John Stirling and the Rev. James Miller, and a greater than these in the Rev. Dr. Browne, who wrote "Barbarossa," and the Rev. Towneley, bland master of Merchant Taylors', to whom is attributed that pleasant bit of extravagance, "High Life Below Stairs." To these may be added the Rev. Dr. Francis, whose luck was so great that his "Constantine" was damned, and a living given to him by way of consolation; and a long list of professional brethren, more celebrated than Francis but less fortunate, such as Mason, O'Beirne, William Stratford, Bate Dudley, Maturin, Croly and White, all ordained clergymen and the authors of pieces classical, romantic, historical or satirical—from "Caractacus" down to the "King of the Commons."

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EIGHTH CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT.
For Congress..........**JOHN W. LEFTWICH.**
For Elector...........**W. W. VAUGHAN.**

THE NEWS.

John E. Hays, editor of the Savannah *Republican*, died on Wednesday.

The total receipts of customs from September 7th to 12th, were $3,953,807.

Maj. Gen. Mansfield Lovell, of the Confederate army, is planting rice near Savannah.

Arbeiter Hall, a large and spacious edifice, lately erected by the Germans of Detroit, was dedicated Tuesday.

F. M. Bordwell's woolen mill, at South Belchertown, Massachusetts, was burned on Wednesday. Loss $10,000.

The Archbishop of Armagh, at a visitation in his diocese, predicted that the disestablishment of the Union will make Ireland a separate state.

They are fitting out steamships in New York for the slave trade, between the Congo and Guinea coast of Africa and Cuba. Need we comment on the results of the war—emancipation and negro suffrage.

The Secretary of the Treasury has postponed the operation of stamp duties on distilled spirits until the 24 of November, and the stamping of tobacco, snuff and cigars until the 23d of November.

The Directors of the East Tennessee and Georgia Railroad, on Wednesday elected Col. Thomas H Calloway President, Maj. R. C. Jackson, Superintendent, and R. M. Fisher, Secretary and Treasurer.

The City Council of St. Paul, Minn., has appropriated twelve thousand dollars to relieve the wants of the inhabitants of the Selkirk settlement. It is thought that sufficient funds have been raised to supply their wants.

The freight business of the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad is heavier than at any previous time in the history of the road. A few mornings since 175,000 pounds passed through Lynchburg for Richmond, and 140,000 pounds stopped.

The Democracy in South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama and Arkansas are making encouraging progress in the campaign, and good judges are of opinion that in all four of these States the Democracy will come out of the contest triumphant.

Late visitors at the North assure us there is most encouraging news from Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana. The New York Manhattan Club is jubilant over the prospect, and look for heavy returns for the Democracy from these States in October.

Ivison & Finney, the great school book publishers of New York, have issued this year 845,000 Union spellers and readers, 500,000 of Robinson's Series, 1,500,000 of Sanders' Series, and over 30,000,000 since its first issue. These figures give some faint idea of the extent of educational publishing in this country.

The Internal Revenue Collector at Greenville, Tenn., asks for four hundred mounted troops, to enable him to collect revenue from distillers and others in his district, who threaten to murder him and his assistants if they attempt to make seizures for non-payment of taxes.

The New Orleans *Crescent* **says**: "It is useless to disguise the fact that Radical negro processions are not only guilty of sacking stores and beating innocent people, but that the negroes themselves are thoroughly armed, drilled and organized, as well in the country parishes as in immediate environs of New Orleans."

An effort was made through the National Board of Underwriters to harmonize the discrepancies in rates existing between and in several large cities. They failed, and the consequence is a great deal of dissatisfaction in New York, Chicago, Cincinnati and St. Louis. The dissatisfaction exists here, too, if we may judge by the mutterings of property holders and merchants.

Miss Clara Louisa Kellogg arrived at New York on Tuesday, and in the evening a private dinner in her honor was given at the Westminster Hotel by James McHenry, the English financier who has come to rescue the Atlantic and Great Western Railway from bankruptcy, and who was a passenger with Miss Kellogg on the Russia. Mr. E. Cunard, of the British Steamship Company, was one of the guests.

The Church *Union*, **of New York, says** that since "we have declared the negro a voter and the equal of the white man," it can see no reason why he should not hold office, and accordingly it proceeds to suggest the nomination of a negro for the Presidency in 1872. There's progress for you. This is the age of steam and lightning. Politically, we are making rapid strides to the end desired by the *Union*, and on the lightning line.

Two negroes, employed by New York detectives to "hunt up" stolen goods at the house of a "receiver" at Union Hill, New Jersey, on arriving at the premises and finding only a young white girl, aged seventeen, assaulted her and attempted to violate her person. Her cries attracted the attention of some neighbors, who went to her assistance, when the scoundrels fled. A search of the premises afterwards revealed over $3000 worth of silks and other stuffs, stolen from parties in New York.

A special committee of the Louisville Board of Trade, appointed to promote the proposed change of the guage of the Louisville, Cincinnati and Lexington Railroad to four feet eight and one-half inches, reported on Tuesday that all the parties interested—the Louisville city Council and the railroad companies—were favorable to the change, and that it would, without doubt, be effected. The principal opposition comes from the Lexington stockholders, and that will probably be overcome at an early day.

The London *Times* **of the 17th, in an** article on the English election, says: Contrasting the political canvass in Great Britain with that in the United States, in both cases the electors are new ones. Here, in England, there are many contests, differing in men and principles, and the result is a confused hubbub in which no one sound is heard above the rest. The incidents, thus far, have been peaceful, even negative; but the eight weeks remaining before the elections may warm the contest now so quiet. The *Times* dwells on the violent animation of the Presidential fight in the United States, and calls an American general election an American carnival. The American people may be serious and interested, but they allow most eccentric and grotesque characters to represent the whole people, which does them some injustice, but less harm than commonly thought.

The New York *Times* **says** the ejection of the negroes from the Georgia Legislature is an abridgement of the colored man's rights under the 14th amendment, and that they can be put back by Congress. The New York *Citizen*, replying to this position of the *Times*, says that, if by this construction the blacks must vote and hold office in Georgia, they have the same rights with us; and as we do not recognize this privilege, Congress will have to put us under military dictatorship at the same time that she confers this favor upon our erring Southern sister. In fact, every Northern State excludes the black man from the polls, hence the entire North is subject to discipline. When it is placed under martial law, and its local governments abolished, the only portion of the country remaining in the Union will be the few Southern States where Sambo has got possession of the Legislature. Then the wild idea of a white man's Government will be abolished, the colored gentleman will be master of the situation; he will make laws for the whole country; he will determine where and when and how the "white trash" may enjoy the suffrage, and then among politicians a black skin will be considered as a special favor of Providence.

A man named Simon Bemis was attacked and killed by a bear in the vicinity of Dunlap's Ranche, California, a couple of weeks ago. The bear sprang upon him without a moment's warning, and dashed him violently to the ground, his head striking a rock, which fractured the back part of the skull in a shocking manner. He was badly bitten and torn about the face and neck, and his right arm was bitten and doubled under him as if in the act of drawing his knife. His rifle was found within a few feet of the body, the stock badly broken, the triggers set, the gun cocked, and the contents not discharged. The body, when found, was lying in the water, about six feet from the bear's nest, and in a state of mortification.

TO THE PRESIDENT.

We ask President JOHNSON, in the name of the people of Tennessee, whom he knows to be long suffering and of patience verging upon the point of virtue, to exercise the whole power of the Constitution, in their defense, against Governor BROWNLOW AND HIS MILITIA. In every county in the State the people are rejoicing in the good gifts of a merciful and bounteous GOD. If the laborers are now called away to vagrancy, in the militia, the crops will rot in the ground, and, as a consequence, our commercial system, just emerging from a trying period, again become—and this time disastrously—disarranged. If, by the presence of United States troops, this so-called militia is prevented from organization, all will be well; and we can enjoy the era of prosperity dawning upon us, to which all good men look forward with thankful and grateful hearts. Mr. President, we look to you. Do not falter. Be quick to relieve us now, and you will indeed entitle yourself to the everlasting gratitude of your people. We appeal to you earnestly.

FIRST CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT, ARKANSAS.

We learn by telegraph that Mr. CHAS. S. CAMERON, at the recent convention of the Democratic party in the above district, was re nominated for Congress. This second endorsement by the people of the first district is creditable to their appreciation of a sound Democrat and able speaker. Mr. CAMERON may be counted on for good service during the campaign.

THE RADICALS AT MASON'S DEPOT.

We learn that a large meeting of Radicals was held yesterday at Mason's Depot. Both wings of the party were represented. SMITH'S by 2500 stalwart negro laborers from adjoining plantations, and NUNN'S by 1500. When our informant left, whisky, and the incendiary harangues of the rival candidates, were producing their legitimate effects, and a "free fight" was thought imminent.

MAINE.

The true way to judge of the result in Maine is this: In 1866 their members of Congress were elected by a majority of 27,690. In 1868 the people of Maine come to pass judgment upon them, aided, as the Radicals hoped, by the name of GRANT. *The verdict is a Democratic gain of 7690 votes.* And this, notwithstanding that the State was inundated with money and the best and most popular speakers of the Republican party. The same proportion of change in the other States will not leave Grant ten States in the Union.

The efforts of the Radical press to compare the result with the vote of 1867 is a transparent attempt to deceive their readers. The *liquor law* was the great issue both in Maine and Massachusetts. In the latter State the Radicals were defeated; in Maine their majority of 1866 was reduced 16,000. How silly, then, is the attempt to impose upon the public by measuring the great result of 1868 according to the vote on a local issue.

BARBECUE IN HARDEMAN.

We regret to learn there was not a full attendance of the Hardeman county people at the barbecue at Bolivar, yesterday. This was doubtless occasioned by a misapprehension, some believing that the affair had been postponed till a later day. Nevertheless, there was a very good attendance under the ample grove selected for the speaking, consisting in very large part of the beauty of the surrounding country. Major JOHN H. BILLS, one of the truest men in the country, presided with his usual ability. Addresses were delivered during the day by Dr. LEFTWICH and Hon. TOM. AVERY. Both speakers were in good trim, and acquitted themselves handsomely. In the afternoon, after the feasting, several colored orators were expected to deliver addresses to the large number of colored people in attendance. There was plenty to eat and to spare. Hardeman will give a heavy vote for SEYMOUR and BLAIR.

THE FEELING IN NASHVILLE.

The feeling in Nashville in regard to Brownlow's proclamation, is described as of "intense indignation, as it was generally and confidently believed the President's guarantee for the preservation of peace in the State would compel the extremists to abandon their sanguinary programme. The pretense that the militia will not be called out unless rendered necessary by the conduct of the disfranchised masses, is easily seen through. It is well understood that the organization of the militia will be immediately followed by the declaration of martial law in all counties where there is a Conservative majority, no matter whether any falsely termed "outrages" are committed or not.

"By means of the enrollment now ordered by Brownlow, the negroes can easily be manipulated in behalf of the Radical ticket, while colored Democrats will be overawed and driven away from the polls. Even leading Radicals at Nashville denounce the action of Brownlow as hasty and unnecessary, in view of the President's order to furnish troops, and as likely to have an unfavorable influence on Northern sentiment in the approaching election. Should Brownlow insist on carrying out his threat of military terrorism, a disastrous collision is anticipated by men of both parties."

WEST TENNESSEE NEWS.

We are indebted to a correspondent, writing from Bolivar, yesterday, for the following items of news:

The Tennessee Supreme Court has adjourned over to the Knoxville term till the first of next month. Hon. John Trimball, of Nashville, has declined the appointment to the Bench of Middle Tennessee. Maynard was only appointed temporarily. They can't fill Milligan's place from East Tennessee. Judge Henry G. Smith returned to his farm, near Collierville, yesterday, and will be in Memphis to-morrow evening. He looks robust, actually *improved*, in appearance. He left his bride in New York. Every man that I have seen in the county approves Gen. Pike's proposition on negro suffrage. The Courthouse in Bolivar is nearly completed. It is a large and elegant brick structure, and is believed to be the best one in West Tennessee, and cost only $25,000. There was quite a number of Memphians at the Bolivar barbecue yesterday. We noticed Dr. Leftwich, Hon. Tom Avery, Capt. Wes Sneed, Capt. Hadden, J. T. Hanlon, Napoleon Hill, Henderson Owen, Col. S. W. Morton, of Paducah, and others. Also a number of Memphis ladies, who were kind enough to lighten the political assemblage with their presence.

TO THE PEOPLE OF THE NORTH.

From many private letters, and from newspapers supporting the Democratic party, we learn that grave apprehensions exist of almost inestimable damage to our cause by the garbled extracts of indiscreet speeches and letters of Southern gentlemen, prominent, some of them, in the political, others in the military annals of our section, and some in both. The Radicals have circulated these by the hundred thousand, and in consequence, it is said, have intimidated the weak and carried dismay to the least hopeful. Now if this be so, and any appreciable per cent. of the Northern public can be induced to change their votes by such speeches and expressions, as those reported, then the intelligence and manhood of the North must be put at a very low standard, indeed so low, as to leave nothing to be proud of in American citizenship. To believe that the Northern voter could, to any extent, be diverted from casting such a suffrage, as the best interest of the country required, according to his previous convictions, by reason of anything which has as yet fallen from any one in the South during this canvass, is to admit the existence of great ignorance and still greater truculence in the Northern constituency. Not one sentence or syllable has fallen from the lips of any man in the South, during the present contest, which impeaches to the slighest extent the good faith of the Southern people, as to their obligations assumed under the terms of surrender. In no way do any of these expressions indicate any unfriendliness to the Union or to the Federal Government, or any hostility to Federal authority. We challenge the production of any such sentiment or expression. The utmost that can be *manufactured* out of these speeches and conversations, is a bitter hostility to Republican or Radical policy since the war. Can any reasonable or just man in the North deny that the people of the South ought to be hostile to such policies, as have been adopted toward them at the instance of the Radical party since the war? Can any honest man North fail to admit, that these policies have been harsh and insulting to them, tyrannical and destructive of their material interests? More than this, the most intemperate language attributed to the "Southern chiefs," has related to the local developments of Radicalism in the various Southern States—such, for instance, as the miserable despotism of Tennessee. Now we happen to know that a large section of the Republican party North, utterly condemns the brutal, ignorant and corrupt tyranny which exists in Tennessee, and which with the most exact propriety, considering both the infamy of the system and the scoundrelism of its author, may be termed *brownlowism*; just as assassination to supply subjects for dissection, was called "*burking*," from the name of the first villain who practiced the crime. Is it possible that the manhood of the Northern people is so reduced by their fears, or so perverted by their prejudices, that their apprehensions of rebellion can be aroused by the indignant and even menacing protests of the victims of this odious oppression? Can it be, that they will even find matter for censure in the most violent denunciations of Radicalism, by those who have for over three years borne its coarse cruelty? As well might the manipulator of the rack find in each groan of the lacerated victim provocation for continuing the torture. Shame on it, if Radical demagoguism can induce the freemen of the North to hesitate one moment, in overthrowing the most ignoble despotism that ever cursed any time or country, by hurling in their faces the passionate declamations of Southern men, against the very tyranny which has excited their own scorn.

Again, we would inform the North, that the masses of the Southern whites are not under the control of leaders. They are not "like dumb cattle driven" by "chieftains." This has been a misconception of the Southern people long prevalent at the North, which it would be well to correct. No people were ever so marked by individuality as the Southern whites. No population were ever so little moved in their determinations of political questions by that magnetism which produces the blind following of a mob. There is no man, who ever held any considerable portion of the Southern people, bound to his mere personal fortunes, or individual opinions. In this particular, they have differed widely from the people of the North. Therefore there is no one man, nor even any twelve men, who can assume to represent the sentiment and feeling of the Southern people. They *respect* talent, distinguished service in the field or Senate, and accord legitimate influence to them, but they are far, very far from being the slaves of mere *personal* distinction. They recognize quite a difference in the offices of capacity. They may regard one as highly gifted for the occupation and work of a soldier, and at the same time hold him poorly qualified for the delicate and complex duties of statesmanship—and quite an inapt adviser on political questions. For instance, no Southern man or woman thinks the less of Gen. LONGSTREET, as a soldier, because he gave them signally bad counsel in politics—which they very properly rejected. There is but one man in the South, who approximates that position of supreme influence over the Southern mind, which would at all endow with representative authority what he might utter. That is ROBERT E. LEE. This results, not from his mere soldierly achievements, *but he has ever evinced that cool, calm equipoise of character and mind, which fits its possessor for the arduous work of statesmanship in emergencies. "Mens equus in arduis"* express his high and varied capacities. Moreover, he is fairly the exponent of that deliberate intelligence, which ought to guide a people struggling amid adversity, and oppressed by misfortune. Yet even he, if he chose to exchange his prudent for erratic courses, could not draw the people of the South after his vagaries.

In conclusion we would suggest to our people, that these are times when tyrants are seated in power, and in the "model Republic" just the same caution is required on the part of the friends of freedom, that has ever been required in other countries of those, who inaugurate the struggle for liberty. That such precaution is necessary, only proves the malignant character of the oppression now resting on the land. *Whenever the language of any freeman, however vindictive, can be used for the purpose of upholding the tyranny of which he complains, it only argues a greater danger to liberty.* Therefore, we would advise the people of the South to entrust the tribune only to those, who can measure the exact force of language, and so weave the argument on her behalf as to have the texture of Milan mail, and be utterly impervious to Parthian arrows.

By Telegraph.

NASHVILLE.

NASHVILLE, September 18.—After a great deal of mysterious consultation and discussion, running through a couple of weeks past, the State Democratic Executive Committee has issued an address to the people of the State, which appears to-day. The delay in bringing out the address was caused by a conflict of opinion in the Committee on the negro suffrage question. At last, however, the African bull has been taken by the horns, and colored suffrage is squarely recognized and tacitly indorsed in a qualified way. On this point the address contains the following language:

Accepting facts as we find them, recognizing immutable truths as they exist, blinded by no prejudice of the dead past to the obscurity and detriment of our true interests in the living present, unbiased by passion, obeying the dictates of reason rather than of impulse, with courage to be just, that our quarrel be thrice armed, acting honestly up to the avowed principles of our party, in their rank and file, front and rear, that no colored citizen of the State uniting with us in the overthrow of a common tyranny and in the redemption of our noble State, shall be disturbed in any of his vested rights. If through his agency our own rights should be restored to us. With this distinct and unequivocal pledge to the people through whom and with whom we can alone expect to triumph over the common oppressors, there can be no shadow of doubt as to the triumphant result of our combined action. Our own interests and those of the colored citizens being mutual, and the interests of the Radical adventurers being diametrically opposed to both, this course on our part is demanded by every consideration of party expediency, common gratitude, justice and right.

A vigorous canvass to secure the colored vote will now be entered into, and the chances are, judging from the beginning already made, that a considerable per centage of the negro vote will be secured to the Democrats. There are now over a score of Democratic colored clubs, and new ones are being organized almost daily.

At Hazel Green, North Alabama, a couple of days ago, a fight occurred between some whites and blacks, in which one negro was killed and two wounded. According to the report of a Huntsville paper, the negroes commenced firing without provocation.

WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, September 19.—The National Bank currency issued during the week, amounted to $91 500, total to this date, $3,097 983; mutilated bills returned, $9,153,030, insolvent bank notes redeemed, $3,08,329; actual circulation at this date, $299 849,927; receipts of fractional currency for the week ending to-day, $842,000; shipment of U. S. notes $497,329. Treasurer of United States holds in trust for national bonds as security for circulating notes, $34,192,700, and for public deposits, $38,052,350; fractional currency redeemed, $483,000.

Joseph W. Holden, a son of Gov. Holden, telegraphs from Raleigh, North Carolina, that a dispatch in relation to his speech at a mass meeting there, that he gave no incendiary advice attributed to him, nor did any one else.

Gen. Santa Ascastus, Bolivian Minister, accompanied by Mr Enegres Curtes, were presented to the President to-day, by the Secretary of State.

Benjamin F. Wade and Schuyler Colfax arrived here last night. Mr. Wade and Mr. Colfax both doubt whether there will be a quorum on Monday, but Mr. Colfax says, in a conversation, that either house can take recess, from time to time, until a quorum assembles, thus extending the legislative day of Monday indefinitely. It is stated as the result of a conference at which Mr. Wade, Colfax, Schenck and others were present, that another recess shall be taken to the 15th of October. There seems to be little doubt of securing a quorum before the legislative day of the 21st ultimo. Mr. Wade will be a guest of Mr. Colfax during the session.

In reply to an inquiry to-day as to what disposition had been made of the petition of the people of Florida, for Federal troops for protection, the President said the case was fully covered by the general instructions lately issued to Department commanders.

Postmaster General Randall has submitted to Attorney General Evarts the New York Navigation Company case. The latter insist on Randall resigning three millions dollars in bonds, given by them as subsidy, but he declines, unless fortified by the opinion of the Attorney General.

Schenck said to-day that he was satisfied that a quorum would be present on Monday. It is intimated that some nominations will be sent in and considered in executive session. There have been but few arrivals of Senators or Representatives.

Gen. Kilpatrick, late Minister to Chili, arrived to day, and will at once report to Secretary Seward, and close up the affairs of his mission. The General was recalled therefrom by the President.

There is a rumor that the Surratt case will be dismissed on Monday.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, September 19.—A special from Metz, France, last evening, says a closer examination of the ruins of the cartridge manufactory has been had. An official investigation as to the number of persons employed in the works lead to the still more sorrowful conclusion that forty-six persons were killed, and ten very badly wounded by the explosion which occurred this morning.

The loss by fire in Higgins' carpet factory, this morning, amounts to $175 000. About 100 people are thrown out of employment by the fire.

Secretary Sprague is reported as being confined to his house in Providence with a broken leg.

George Seyton, while endeavoring to get upon a train of cars at Newark, while in motion, fell under the wheels, and his head was completely severed from his body.

Dr. Gould, of Dublin, arrived in this city on Thursday last from the Arctic region, and gives some highly interesting particulars of Hall's Arctic research expedition. Capt. Hall has ascertained definitely the circumstances of the last two survivors of Sir John Franklin's party, Capt. Crozier and a steward of one of the vessels died in 1864, near Southampton island. Capt. Crozier's watch and other relics are in Mr. Hall's possession, and he was to have started in February or March last with an armed party of natives and Europeans to secure the records left by Franklin's men in King William's sound.

ST. LOUIS.

ST. LOUIS, September 19.—A letter to the *Republican*, dated Walnut Grove, Ark., September 8th, says that on the previous Sunday, at the conclusion of religious services at the church in that place, the congregation was assailed and five of their number were shot down, one of whom died instantly. On the next day another was not expected to live, but the remaining three would probably recover. The shooting is said to have been done by Radicals, the persons shot being Conservatives.

An Omaha dispatch says a party of Government surveyors were surprised by a party of Indians on the Republican river, south of Fort Kearney, on Wednesday, and Edward Malone, a flagman, was killed. The others escaped, but lost their instruments, supplies and one team.

The Denver *Tribune* of Wednesday makes Bradford's majority for Congress sixty-six, with two precincts yet to hear from.

Hon. S. C. Coffinbury, Democratic candidate for Lieutenant-Governor of Michigan, spoke at a Democratic meeting last night.

NEW ORLEANS.

NEW ORLEANS, September 19.—The Senate yesterday passed finally the negro equality bill, which prohibits distinction in any place of public resort or public conveyance, under a penalty of fine and imprisonment.

At the instance of prominent Democrats, Gov. Warmoth appointed Geo. A. Fosdick, Vice President of the New Orleans Chamber of Commerce, a member of the Board of Registration, the other two members being Republicans, and it being generally understood that some rule would be carried out in the appointment of local boards. At a meeting of the State Board on the 17th inst., a majority of the board decided that they would not, under any circumstances whatever, permit a Democrat to be placed on any of the boards. The Supervisor, Mr. Fosdick, has presented a protest against this action, but the chairman and one member, constituting a quorum, decided to recede from their position. Gov. Warmoth states that he does not approve of the action of the Registration Board, but has no control over them.

CLEVELAND.

CLEVELAND, O, September 19.—The body of Mary Jeffrey, an insane girl, who left her home on last Wednesday, was found in the river to-night, rotted, with a stab in the left side sufficient to cause her death. An inquest will be held to-morrow.

NORTH CAROLINA.

WILMINGTON, September 18.—There was a slight frost and snow in Robison and Richmond counties on the 16th and 17th inst.

OTTAWA.

OTTAWA, C. W., September 19.—Applications for the discharge of Enright, Dregan and Engleson have been sent to the Governor General at the instance of Mr. O'Reily.

FOREIGN.

FLORENCE, September 19.—Cardinal Reisach has been tried by a civil court at Rieta and sentenced to pay a fine of five hundred francs, for attempting to take possession of the See of Sabina by order of the Pope, without the authorization of the king of Italy.

BIARRITZ, September 18.—The Emperor Napoleon, Empress Eugenie, and the Prince Imperial to day made a visit to Queen Isabella of Spain, at Sebastian.

METZ September 18.—A terrible explosion took place at the cartridge factory in this city to-day. Thirty persons were killed outright and eighty-two were badly injured. The building in which the explosion occurred was torn to pieces.

FROM THE PLAINS.

FORT WALLACE, September 19.—Capt. Graham, and fifty men with ten colored cavalry, who, for the past ten days, have been scouting the country between the North Fork, Smoky Hill and Cheyenne, will come in this morning, and report that on the evening of the 15 h, while going into camp on Big Sandy, twenty miles west of Chivington's old battle ground, they were attacked by a band of one hundred Indians. The fight was kept up until dark, the Indians being driven twelve miles, losing eleven killed and a number of poneys captured. Capt. Graham lost nine horses, no casualties among the men. Camping where first attacked, Capt. Graham waited all the next day, expecting another attack, but though his scouts and ranchmen were driven within two miles of camp, by a band of fifty o seventy five Indians, they did not seem inclined to risk another battle. Capt. Carpenter and company takes Graham's place in the field, to-morrow.

TELEGRAPHIC MARKETS.

New York Market.

NEW YORK, September 19.—Cotton firm: sale 1400 bales; uplands 25¼. Superfine Western Flour $6 70@$7 25. Rice dull. Coffee dull. Sugar dull: Cuba 10¾@11½. Molasses firm. Muscovado 45c. Nails 5½; clench 6¾. Wheat 1@2 lower. Corn $1 15@1 20.

Dry Goods generally unchanged.

Money easy. Call 3@5. Sterling 8¾@9. Gold 44¼. Old Tennessee 70; new do. 79¼.

New Orleans Market.

NEW ORLEANS, September 19.—Cotton demand moderate; middlings 24c; sales 1750 bales; receipts 2750; exports coastwise 1512; Liverpool 1000. Sterling 54½@56; York sight ½ discount. Gold 43. Sugar and molasses dull and unchanged. Flour steady; superfine 7½@7¾. Corn dull, $1 05@1 10. Oat 75½ dull. Bran dull 1 25@1 37. Hay dull 23. Pork dull 30¾@30½. Bacon trade light; shoulders 14c; clear 17¾@17¾. Lard, quarter tierce, 19½@19¾; keg 21¼.

Louisville Market.

LOUISVILLE, September 19.—Offerings tobacco light; market dull 7@11 lugs to good leaf. Superfine flour $6 75@7. Wheat $1 95@2 05. Corn 92@95. Oats 50@53. Rye 1 35@1 38. Barley, spring $1 84@2 00. Bagging, Ky., 21@21½c. Pork $28 50 @28 75. Bacon, shoulders 12¼@13c; clear rib sides 15½@16¾; clear sides 16½@16¾; bulk shoulders 11¾@12; clear sides 15½@15¾. Lard 19. Whisky $1 35 for raw free.

Cincinnati Market.

CINCINNATI, September 19.—Flour unchanged. Wheat $1 95. Corn 9@98c. Oats 57@58c. Flax seed 2 70@2 75. Whisky bond 75; free $1 25. Pork $28 75. Lard 19@19¼. Bulk meats 10¼@13½. Bacon shoulders 15¼; sides 14¼@16½; hams 19¼@20¼. Butter 35@38c. Eggs 23@24c. Hay 15@16.

St. Louis Market.

ST. LOUIS, September 19.—Tobacco heavy and unchanged. Superfine flour $5 50@6 25. Wheat $3@5 lower. Corn 94@96c. Oats 50@55c. Pork $29 00@29 25. Bacon shoulders 12¾@13c; clear sides 16@16¾c. Lard 18¾@19c. Whisky $1 50@ $1 55.

FUNERAL NOTICE.

LITTLEFIELD—Died, in this city, this morning, September 19th, at 1¾ o'clock, J. M. LITTLEFIELD.

The friends and acquaintances are hereby respectfully invited to attend his funeral tomorrow (Monday) morning at 10 o'clock, from his residence on Causey street.

Boston and Charlestown (Mass.) papers please copy.

RESOLUTIONS OF CONDOLENCE.

HALL OF SOUTH MEMPHIS LODGE, No. 118, }
MEMPHIS, Sept. 11, A.D., 1868, A. L., 5868. }

WHEREAS, It has pleased the Supreme Master of the Universe, to whose will we humbly bow, to call from our midst, in the prime of life, to His Celestial Lodge Above, our worthy and esteemed Brother, B. M. JOHNS; therefore, be it

Resolved, That, by the call of our Brother JOHNS from hence, the Masonic Fraternity has lost a worthy member, the country a zealous citizen, and the bereaved widow and orphans a tender husband and kind father.

Resolved, That we heartily sympathise with the mourning family, who now lament their departed protector, and may our merciful Father in Heaven pour the balm of consolation in their hearts.

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread on the minutes of the Lodge, a copy sent to the family of our deceased Brother, and also published in the Memphis Appeal.

W. F. BRODE,
J. JAFFEK,
Official, JOSEPH HAINES,
BEN. K. PULLEN, Sec'y. Committee.

NEW ADVERTISEM'NTS

MASONIC NOTICE.—The officers and members of Hamilton Lodge No. 299, are hereby notified to attend a special communication, of said Lodge, at their hall, in Odd Fellows' Building, on Wednesday evening, September 23, 1868, at 8 o'clock, for IMPORTANT SPECIAL BUSINESS.

All M. M.'s in good standing are invited to attend.

By order of the Lodge.
sep20 4t JOHN W. GRAHAM, Sec'y P.T.

I. O. O. F.

THE members of Chickasaw Lodge No. 8 and Gayoso Encampment No. 3 are requested to meet at their Hall at 9 o'clock Monday morning, to attend the funeral of their late Brother J. M. Littlefield. All transient brethren are invited to attend. J. E. RUSSELL, Sec'y.
sep20 2t

French Window Glass.

A FULL assortment just received, and now offered at low prices. Also, Builders' Hardware in great variety.
E. ROBBINS & BRADLEY,
223 Second Street,
sep20 2w Adams Block.

BY W. H. PASSMORE & CO.

TO-MORROW MORNING, for account of whom it may concern—Household and Kitchen Furniture. Also, Hosiery, Shawls, Gloves, etc., etc. sep20 1t

NEWTON FORD, Form'ly of F. Lane & Co. D. T. PORTER, Late Porter & Macrae
H. FURSTENHEIM, Late of Porter & Co.

NEWTON FORD & CO.,
COTTON FACTORS
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
Grocers & Commission Merchants,
No. 17 Union Street,
LEE BLOCK, - - *MEMPHIS, TENN*

☞ Mr. FORD will give special attention to Cotton and other Produce consigned to us.
sep20 3m

WM. H. ANDREWS,
Grocer
—AND—
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
280 Front Street,
MEMPHIS, - - - TENN.
se. 20 3m

REMOVAL.
FINNIE & BUCKHAM,
Family Grocers,
HAVE REMOVED TO
284 MAIN STREET,
(E. Ivinson's Old Stand),

WHERE, with small expenses, reduced rent and CASH TRADE ONLY, they hope, in a few days, to offer some inducements to parties to buy from them. sep20 3t

FRESH IMPORTATIONS
FOR FALL TRADE.

B. J. SEMMES & CO.,
Irving Block, 254 Second St., Memphis, Tenn.,
Will receive, per Barque "A. G. Jewett," from Bordeaux, a full Stock of
FRENCH BRANDIES, WINES, ETC.
SOLE AGENTS FOR
"YANNISSEE" AND "WESTMORELAND" WHISKY,
AND HAVE ON HAND A FULL STOCK OF
Bourbon, Robertson County and Other Liquors.
au14 6m daw

NEW YORK LIFE
Insurance Company.

S. D. McCLURE. | McCLURE & CASKIN, | THEO. C. CASKIN
GENERAL AGENTS,
OFFICE, 279 1-2 MAIN ST., MEMPHIS, TENN.
Cash Assets Over : $10,000,000 00
BUSINESS OF THE COMPANY PURELY MUTUAL

THIS is one of the OLDEST INSTITUTIONS of the kind in America, having been chartered in the year 1841, and commenced business in May, 1845.

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Semi-Weekly Packet for Napoleon—connecting with Arkansas River U. S. Mail Packets.
NATOMA..........James Lee master
This elegant passenger packet will leave
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This fine passenger packet leaves for the above on
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Merchants' and Planters' Line
Regular Memphis and White River Independent Packet.—For Helena, Friar's Point, DeVall's Bluff, Little Rock, Augusta and Jacksonport.
DES ARC..........John D. Elliott master
This superb passenger steamer will leave as above on
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Memphis and White River U. S. Mail Packet Company.
LIBERTY No. 2..........James Rice master
This elegant passenger steamer will leave
TUESDAY, 22d inst., at 5 p.m.
LARRY HARMSTAD, Agent,
sep20 3t Star Wharfboat, foot Jefferson st.

Memphis and White River U. S. Mail Packet Company.
For Helena, DeVall's Bluff, Little Rock, Augusta, Jacksonport and all way Landings.
LIBERTY NO. 2..........James Rice master
This excellent steamer leaves Memphis as above,
TUESDAY, 22d inst., at 5 p.m.
For freight or passage apply to
LEVY & SHARPE, Agents,
No. 250 Front Row.
J. A. Sayers, Passenger Agent. sep20 3t

FOR ST. LOUIS.

Memphis and St. Louis Packet Company.
For Cairo and St. Louis.
BELLE MEMPHIS..........Crane master
This elegant passenger steamer will leave
MONDAY, 21st inst., at 5 p.m.
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FOR CINCINNATI.

Memphis and Cincinnati Packet Company.
DARLING..........Low Kates master
This excellent passenger steamer will leave as above
TUESDAY, 22d inst., at 5 p.m.
LARRY HARMSTAD, Agent,
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Regular Tuesday St. Francis River Packet—For Helena Marianna, Madison, Wittsburg and all Way Landings.
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STEAMER PEOSTA LEAVES every day for Mound City at 7½ a.m., 11 a.m., 3 p.m. and 5 p.m. Leaves Mound City every day at 6½ a.m., 9 a.m., 1 p.m. and 4 p.m. Landing at foot of Washington street.
MARK R. CHEEK,
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"Old Reliable" Memphis and White River U. S. Mail Packet Company,
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THE splendid side-wheel steamers COMMERCIAL, LIBERTY, No. 2, and MAYFLOWER, will form a Tri-Weekly line between Memphis and White River, leaving Memphis every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 5 o'clock p.m., connecting at Devall's Bluff with trains on the Little Rock Railroad for Little Rock, Hot Springs, and all points in Arkansas. Returning, will leave Devall's Bluff every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday, on arrival of the train from Little Rock.

Commercial, Capt. John Edson, leaves Memphis Thursday, at 5 o'clock p.m.; Liberty, No. 2, Capt. James Rice, Tuesday, at 5 o'clock p.m.; Mayflower, Capt. Wm. J Ashford, Saturday 5 o'clock p m. C. O. D. bills will be taken for responsible parties by the line as heretofore, without any charge being made for collection.

The steamer F. W. Brooks will run in connection with this line from Jacksonport to Pocahontas on Black River, making Semi-Weekly trips.

Thankful for the liberal patronage bestowed upon us during the past three years, we hope by strict attention to business, to merit a continuance of the same in the future.
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Star Wharfboat, foot Jefferson street.
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Will leave CAIRO FOR NEW ORLEANS on the arrival of 4 p.m. train every SATURDAY, as follows:
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Clocks, Watches, Jewelry, etc., repaired with neatness and dispatch.
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HAVING established ourselves as above with largely increased facilities, we are prepared to execute all work in our line at greatly reduced prices, and in the very best style.

We are in receipt of a large and complete stock of Flat Cap, Letter, Legal Cap, Foolscap, Note and Fancy Papers, Plain and Fancy Envelopes, Pens, Pencils, Inks and Stationers' articles generally, which we offer to the trade at New York prices, freight added, for cash.
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SUNDAY APPEAL.

Office—No. 13 Jefferson Street

CITY MATTERS.

THE weather continues quite fall-like.

THE Bluff City Base Ball Club give their first annual ball on Tuesday evening, 22d instant.

WRAPPING PAPER.—Old newspapers for wrapping paper to be had at this office. Retailers will do well to call. at

THE GRAND BARBECUE at Mason's Depot comes off on next Saturday. Distinguished speakers will be present and a grand time is expected.

THE MARKETS presented a gay and lively appearance yesterday evening, there being more than the usual number of ladies out "marketing."

THE RIGHT REVEREND BISHOP FITZGERALD, of Little Rock, Arkansas, will officiate at St. Patrick's church this morning.

FOUND.—A medium sized Gold Headed Cane, with owner's name and inscription, which can be had by calling at this office, proving property and paying for this notice.

ED. WORSHAM, news agent on the Memphis and Ohio Railroad, has opened a coffee stand at the depot, where coffee and crackers can be got at the departure of the early train.

TELEGRAMS.—The following telegrams remain in the office uncalled for: Capt. Harrison Bledsoe, J. H. Patterson, Dr. Cunningham & Co., R. G. Dunn & Co., Luke E. Wright, Ed. L. Topp and R. P. Walt & Co.

FOR THE LADIES.—Arrived from Paris last week, some most lovely designs in ladies' and children's cloaks, which Messrs. Menken Bros. will exhibit next month. They have a large cloak manufactory, and will take orders for making cloaks. Ladies can save fully fifty per cent. by having a cloak made up.

H. FITZGERALD & Co.—The card of this prominent commission and grocery house will be found in another column. They keep constantly on hand a large supply of all articles needed by the planter. The members of the firm are all young, energetic and responsible merchants.

OWEN, MCNUTT & CO.—We would refer especially to the advertisement of the above named firm, which will be found under the proper head. They are old merchants, and properly stand very high in this community. Cotton consigned to them will receive especial attention, while orders for goods of any kind will be filled at lowest rates.

WM. H. ANDREWS.—This well known merchant has laid in his stock for the fall trade, and is prepared to fill orders to any extent. Supplies of every kind are in store, and offered to the planter and the trade, at prices which cannot be competed with. His many friends in the interior will not fail to visit him when they come to the city.

BUY a black silk dress at Menken Bros.

GLAD TIDINGS.—We are always rejoiced to hear of any discovery which promises happiness to our race. Thus we are pleased to refer those who suffer from chills and fever to the Texas Tonic Syrup. All testimony concurs as to the worth of this valuable remedy, and we heartily recommend a trial of it to the afflicted. Sold by all druggists.

MEMPHIS FEMALE COLLEGE.—It is with pleasure that we announce the accession of Professor Tepe, formerly of Holly Springs, Miss., to the corps of teachers in this college. He will be permanently associated with the school, as Musical Director, from the 1st of October, prox. A rare opportunity to perfect themselves in music, under an accomplished master, will thus be offered the pupils of this popular institution.

COTTON FACTORS.—We call attention to the card of Messrs. Moores & Norton, Cotton Factors and Commission Merchants, No. 318 Front st. Mr. Moores is of Memphis, and well known here, as is Mr. Norton, who is of the late firm of Briggs & Norton. These gentlemen do a factorage and commission business, and pay particular attention to purchasing plantation supplies of all descriptions—making, also, liberal advances on all consignments made them.

THE FAVORITE STAND.—The public are reminded that our friend Victor D. Fuchs, at his old stand, 41 Jefferson street, will this fall and winter keep on hand as of old, all sorts of fresh oysters, game and vegetables. To those who know our friend Victor, it is not necessary to say more than that he is determined to maintain his credit in reliability in his line, and that his arrangements are complete for a *fresh supply every day* of all the specialities he is noted for.

BLACK SILKS at New York cost. Menken Bros.

MCGEE & HERRON.—Though a new firm, the above names are not by any means new to the ears of the planters. Mr. Wm. McGee is an old resident of Memphis, well known in business circles, while R. F. Herron, late of Shane, Bell & Co., is known for hundreds of miles around about Memphis as a thorough and practical young merchant. "Promptness, strict integrity and fair dealing" is their motto, and they will succeed. See their card elsewhere.

WE HAVE received, from Messrs. Church & Co., Booksellers and Stationers, Peterson's Ladies' National Magazine, Godey's Lady's Book, and Le Bon Ton, for October. They contain the usual amount of feminine news, fashion plates and gossip, and are gotten up in the usual elegant style. Messrs. Church & Co. have also received a new supply of "Moonstone," Wilkie Collins' last and most thrilling production. It is profusely illustrated with the new style of etchy wood cuts, some of which are really very fine.

THE MATRIMONIAL market was a little brisker last week, six certificates having been returned to the county clerk's office. This is an improvement on previous weeks, it dont ... the returns of ... what it ought to be, begin to come up ... weather gets a little ... and will be when the ... Miss Mattie Dudcolder. Ed. Hughes to Miss Louisa ley, Matha Marshall to Miss Maria Kreuger, T. T. T. Voight to ... shcraft, Schmidt, J. Selring to Miss Ada ... gan, Peter Manizan to Miss Ellen E ... King Wright and Mattie Burleson.

BARGAINS in black silks at Menken Bros.

THE BOAT RACE and regatta between the Essex and the Memphis boat clubs, came off in the presence of several hundred persons yesterday evening. The Essex entering the Minnehaha, and the Memphis entering the Ivanhoe. The Minnehaha shot ahead at the start and gained all the way, leading nearly a quarter of a mile at the close, and making the trip, three miles in 25 minutes and 43 seconds. The Essex club have improved very much since last we saw them, and now row quite in time and unison. The only fault they now have, is striking too deep. The Memphis club have good material, but need practice and a lighter boat.

A NEW advertising medium is about being offered to the merchants of Memphis, by Joe Locke and others, under the name of Joe Locke, & Co. They propose to issue, for gratuitous distribution during the coming month, five thousand copies of a pamphlet containing the advertisements of the leading mercantile houses of Memphis, which are to be addressed to solvent merchants and planters, and no payment for advertisements will be asked until the certificate of the postmaster be produced that the five thousand copies have been so addressed and mailed. It is, next to advertising in a good daily newspaper, about the best way of distributing business cards.

CAN A CHRISTIAN GO TO HEAVEN?

The Reply of the Jew.

A Sermon Preached by the Rev. Rabbi Tuska, at the Synagogue, Saturday, 12th.

Rabbi Tuska, on Saturday, 12th inst., addressed the congregation B'nai Israel on the question, "Can a Christian go to Heaven?" as viewed from a Jewish standpoint. This novel subject for a discourse he handled in a manner that we are sure will interest most of our readers, and we propose to give them an outline of his remarks.

Choosing his text from the Lesson of the Day, Deuteronomy, 29th, last verse: "The secret things belong unto the Lord our God; but the things which are revealed belong to us and to our children forever, to do all the words of this law."

The speaker said that he had used this text on several occasions, it being particularly appropriate for moral reflection on the Sabbath immediately preceding the New Year; but would now use it in reference to a rather novel theme, suggested by a discourse recently published on the question, "Can a *Jew* go to Heaven?" In that sermon, the preacher refuted the theory of those who maintain that the Jews, as well as the heathens, not believing in the peculiar doctrines of Christianity, cannot be saved, but are doomed to a region the very reverse of Heaven.

He proposed now, by way of contrast, to show what the Jewish religion teaches respecting the fate of those who do not believe in the peculiar doctrines of Judaism.

What is, and must be the reply of the Jew to the query: Can a Christian go to Heaven? It is invariably and unequivocally, "*Yes!*" Yes, a Christian, as well as the votary of any other creed, may, according to our religion, inherit eternal bliss, even though he do not believe a word of any of the doctrines, nor practice any of the rites and ceremonies, peculiar to Judaism.

He said that he would, first of all, prove this from the nature of Judaism itself, and then verify the same by the testimony of the Jewish teachers and authorities, from the time of the Talmud down to the present day.

"The secret things belong unto the Lord our God," Judaism teaches no *mysteries*. It does not require man to believe in doctrines contrary to our convictions. It does not wish to do violence to our reason by subjecting it blindly and implicitly to faith. Go through the Hebrew Scriptures, from Genesis to Malachi, and you will not find anywhere a law enjoining or enforcing *belief*. The fact is, the Hebrew language, as preserved in Holy Writ, has not even a word expressing the idea commonly conveyed by the word "Faith," or "Belief," as used in the Christian creed. Hence, we nowhere find the phrase "Thou shalt *believe* in God." But we do find the injunction "thou shalt *know* the Lord," etc. The Israelite is required to use his reason, that he may know and comprehend what is right and true. He is not bound to receive a creed on trust. *Knowledge*, not faith, is demanded of the true Israelite. If there be any mysteries in this world, which the mind of man cannot comprehend, they are not taught in Israel's creed. "The secret things belong unto the Lord." They do not concern us. We may dispense with them. What concerns us is plainly revealed unto us; it is: "To do all the words of this law." That belongs to us and to our children forever. Hence, Judaism teaches no dogmas on the belief of which our salvation depends. You will search in vain in our Bible for any such passage as "He that believeth shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be condemned." According to our religion, a man's *conduct* here on earth will determine the character of his future destiny. It teaches that eternal happiness will be the reward of all who do what is right and just to the best of their knowledge, without regard to the particular creed which they confess. Judaism, in this respect, is truly liberal and rational.

The speaker then referred to the teachings of the Jewish Fathers, as well as to later authorities, by whom this liberal spirit of Judaism is fully substantiated.

He began with the oldest—the authorities of the *Talmud*. The ancient Talmudists, with all their faults and shortcomings, with all their absurdities and peculiarities, never harbored that selfish narrow-minded spirit which excludes the pious and upright from the realms of happiness, for no other fault than that of not believing in the principles of Judaism. The following passages may serve as specimens of their liberality in this respect:

"God is merciful to those who are not decidedly good or bad. The really wicked alone—both Jewish and heathen—who desecrated the holy law, by lewdness and other crimes, are punished in hell twelve months, after which their souls are annihilated. On the day of judgment, when the dead shall rise, all others, like the pious, will inherit life eternal."—(*Rosh hashan*, 17.)

Again: "God will not withhold his reward from any of his creatures."—(*Bal. Kama*, 38.)*

*R. Meir says: "The Gentile who studies the law is equal to the Jewish Highpriest."—(*Abod. Zar.* 3.)

Again: Rabbi Josua, basing his view on pp. 9, 18, maintained that only the wicked among the Gentiles will be condemned to perdition, but that "the righteous among them will participate in the bliss of the future world."—(*Sanhedr.* 92 *and* 105).

Similar sentiments were expressed by the learned Rabbis in the middle ages. He quoted one from every century, beginning with the eleventh century.

The celebrated author of the philosophical work, *Kusari*, R. Jehuda Halevid, says: "We deny no man's right to be rewarded for his virtuous deeds, no matter to what nation he may belong. There is but this distinction, namely, that those who in this life walked most closely with God, will enjoy a more perfect bliss in the future."—*Kusari*, 1, 2 iii.

R. Lipman, of the fourteenth century, says that the word of the Psalmist, "Let all flesh bless His holy name," (pp. 145 fin.) imply the doctrine that all the pious, even though they are not Israelites, will enjoy the bliss of futurity.

Such, too, was the opinion of orthodox Rabbis and Cabbalists of the 15th and 16th centuries. One of these, *Solomon Uphusen*, expressly declares that the upright of all nations, particularly the pious Christians, are not condemned, but obtain eternal life.

The celebrated *Maimonides* (12th century) maintains that immortal happiness is acquired by knowledge and morality, and that consequently all the righteous of whatever creed, are rewarded with a happy life.

... in the following century (17th) So, ... ous champion of Israel, *Menasseh ben Israel*, ... the illust... who takes it for granted ... of the Israelites will be that only a part ... expressly states raised from the ... lieve in God and that all others who be... of the Jewish persuasion, ... lead a pious life, though n... to everlasting bliss.

About the beginning of the last ... century a learned Rabbi, in response to the question of a princess, whether he thought that Christians could go to Heaven, remarked: "God would be cruel indeed, if it should doom to perdition those whom He had never commanded to observe the Jewish laws."

And so, towards the close of the last century, the pious philosopher, the renowned *Moses Mendelssohn*, in his work on Toleration, declared that according to the principles of Judaism, *all the inhabitants of the earth* are destined to be saved. (Jerusalem, p. 110.)

In regard to the views of all enlightened Israelites of the present century, it is superfluous to say that they entertain none but the most liberal sentiments on this subject, making salvation independent of any and every creed.

Thus the testimony of the Rabbis, dating as far back as the origin of Christianity, corroborates that principle of our religion, that salvation does not depend on the belief of any particular dogma, and hence the Jew may well be liberal, in the broadest sense of the word, in his answer to the question: "Can a Christian go to Heaven?"

We admit, indeed, that here and there passages may be found in the works of the Rabbis, particularly in the Middle Ages, which do not breathe this liberal spirit. But these, on a careful investigation, will be found to have been the utterances of passion and not of reason, in times when the Israelite was exasperated by the thousand misfortunes and persecutions which he suffered at the hands of his Christian neighbors. No wonder that the Jew excluded from his future Paradise those whose conduct was anything but just and righteous. If on such occasions the Hebrew condemned the creed of his Christian neighbors, it was because he believed that the wrongs he suffered at their hands were in harmony with the teachings of Christianity. He judged of the tree by its fruit. Yet even then, when the persecutions they had to endure would in some measure excuse any expressions of narrow-minded bigotry and deep resentment, the doctrine was never broached that the persecutors were excluded from salvation on the ground of their *differing in faith* from the votaries of Judaism. One Rabbi in the 15th century, the learned and zealous Isaac Arama even took particular pains to guard against the erroneous notion that the Israelites were to be saved simply because they were Israelites by persuasion. He does this in explaining a passage of the Talmud, which reads: "All Israelites shall partake of the bliss of Heaven." It would be an act of injustice, says he, against all other human beings, were we to infer from this that the mere fact of being an Israelite was sufficient to entitle one to future happiness. Israel, he continues, is but a synonym for *righteous*; every pious man is an Israelite, and therefore the phrase, a "son of Israel" is equivalent to "a son of the future state." (*Akeda*, part 60.)

Yes, with this Rabbi, who wrote these liberal sentiments about the time that the *most catholic* Ferdinand and Isabella banished all their co-religionists from Spain,—with him we heartily exclaim: Every *righteous* man is an Israelite indeed, and if any Israelite *in faith* will go to heaven, it will not be because of his belief, but solely and entirely because of his *conduct*.

The reverend gentleman closed with the exhortation to his hearers not to be concerned about the particular opinions of this or that man, within or without the pale of Judaism, respecting matters of faith. "The secret things belong unto the Lord our God." Look to his *conduct!* Behold! the line of *action* is fully revealed to us and to our children for ever; it is, to practice the virtues of morality—"to do all the word of this law."

A CLOTHING EMPORIUM.

In our columns this morning will be found the advertisement of Messrs. Sproule & McCown, under the Worsham House, Main street, No. 221, exclusive dealers in gentlemen's fine custom-made clothing, and furnishing goods. Their card would seem to require no notice at our hands, being one that fully explains itself; but having had the pleasure of a glance through their large and elegant stock of goods, we cordially add our testimony to its completeness and excellence. It would be difficult to find a taste or a figure that could not be suited from their assortment of garments for gentlemen's wear. The finest cloths and stuffs have been selected by them, and made up in the most fashionable as well as substantial manner. The stock of gentlemen's furnishing goods is also very complete, embracing every article that is needed in the masculine toilet. By a reference to the advertisement, it will be seen that the house is one of large and extensive connections throughout the entire Southwest, and have their own factory in New York. Having, therefore, no manufacturers' profits to pay, and buying strictly for cash, they are enabled to offer their goods at prices which defy competition. They are now receiving their fall and winter stock, and a more elegant lot of goods we never saw—a speciality being the new "cutaway" English walking suits. But to enumerate all of the novelties which they present, or the excellence or beauty of the fabrics, would take up more space than we can spare. Not the least pleasant feature of the establishment are the gentlemen who officiate as salesmen. Maj. Phil. Allen, the gallant soldier and gentleman, is too well known in Memphis to need an introduction, as is also Capt. Ed. Bessely,—they forming the staff of Mr. McCown, who resides in this city, while Mr. Sproule makes New York his home. They tender a cordial invitation to their old friends to call and see them.

DRY GOODS at wholesale, at New York prices, at Menken Bros.

THE REASON WHY.—One of the most important objects a man can have in this world is to make sure his family will be provided for when he is taken away. You effect this the moment you take a policy on your life in favor of your family, whether death is caused either by accident, epidemic, lightning, sudden or naturally. Some one must take the *risk* of your life, for it is *certain* that you must die some time. Is it not better you should transfer it to an Association that is formed for this especial purpose, and *invites* you to join them that *they* may protect your family, rather than to hazard their support on your friends or society, or that your dependent ones should take the risk themselves? Your health may permit you to insure *to-day*, but to delay until to-morrow disease or accident may prevent your ever obtaining a policy hereafter. Such instances are frequent. This is the easiest and only way by which you can at once make a *sure* provision for your family, and relieve you from anxiety as to how they shall be provided for in case of your death. THE NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, whose agents in this city are Messrs. McClure & Caskie, hold out rare inducements to you to perform this duty to yourself and family, and at a small expense. The peace of mind to yourself and family resulting from this small outlay, and the performance of this duty, will repay you an hundredfold. It is a wise use of money; if you live long it is a good investment. If you should die soon, your family will receive the amount back increased an hundredfold, and your memory will be honored for your wisdom and forethought in making so wise a provision for them.

DRESS GOODS and silks of the most beautiful styles at Menken Bros.

A NICE ROW, in which the Radical maxim of "nigger better than a white man" was most elegantly and practically illustrated, occurred yesterday in the classic freesticks of the opera house. The story, as we heard it, is too good to lose. Ald. Renner, who is a Smith Radical, in company with a colored brother, named Lusher, went on an electioneering tour, down among the Mohawks of Second street. At Malatesta's saloon they fell in with Bob Church, a colored gentleman, whom they invited to step in and "take something." But Bob, like Joshua, was a son of Nunn, and thinking these two Smithites had some piratical designs upon him, although it was hard to resist the natural Radical inclination to take something (anything from a pin to a red hot stove), politely refused the invitation. This highly incensed the choleric Alderman, and he opened the vials of his wrath upon him, denouncing ... a pimp of Beaumont's, and insin... that he was pediculous progeny of ... dog. Upon which undignified ... unlike language Bob very ... him down and kicked promptly kno... interposed and rescued him. Friends ... from under the downtrodden city ... setting him on the feet of the victor, an... his companions, hustled him off. ... Bob being wrathy at the ma... had treated him, intimated it to ... who polished him off. The whole af... was put an end to by the colored Constable Haydon, who grabbed the combatants and carried them before Squire Black, who fined all hands $2 each, and costs. As the journalists say, "comment is unnecessary."

THE Dime Paper Collar. Robeson, Sneed & Co. 2t

NEW hoop skirts. Menken Bros.

ONE hundred new beautiful patterns in fall prints at Menken Bros.

HON. H. A. WISE.

Resolutions of the Irish Literary Association of Memphis.

A Fund to be Raised to Secure Him a Home.

We have received from the President of the Irish Literary Association, John Loague, Esq., a copy of the following preamble and resolutions. The sentiments expressed therein do honor to the hearts of our Irish fellow-citizens, and we feel confident that they will be nobly responded to:

At a regular meeting of the Irish Literary Association of this city, held on Thursday night, the 17th inst., the following preamble and resolutions were adopted, with a request that the city papers publish the same.

WHEREAS, The Irish Literary Association of the city of Memphis has learned through the public journals of the country that Hon. Henry A. Wise, of Virginia, has lost his entire estate, and is now homeless in his old age; and

WHEREAS, He, the said Henry A. Wise, did, when occasion required, stand forth with all the vigor of his brilliant intellect and noble manhood in vindication of the rights of the entire foreign-born citizens of the country, but especially the Irish people, who were the chief object of attack by the Know Nothing party, in the memorable years of 1854 and 1855, when their most sacred rights were about to be wrested from them; and

WHEREAS, It is publicly announced that a fund is being collected throughout the United States among the friends and admirers of Mr. Wise, for the purpose of making him as happy as wealth with an unsullied conscience can:

Therefore be it *Resolved*, by the Irish Literary Association of the City of Memphis, Tennessee, in meeting assembled, That we heartily concur with our fellow-citizens throughout the United States, in this noble undertaking, and for the purpose of acting systematically in this good work; therefore be it

Resolved, That the President of this Association be requested to appoint a Committee of five members to procure a suitable hall for the purpose of holding a public meeting of our Irish fellow-citizens, with the intent of subscribing to the above mentioned fund.

Resolved, That the Committee be requested to report at our regular meeting, on Thursday evening next.

Resolved, That all friendly Associations in this city be requested to co-operate with this Association.

Resolved, That the Secretary furnish copies of these resolutions to the Memphis APPEAL, *Avalanche*, *Bulletin*, *Ledger* and *Post* newspapers, with the request that the same be published.

JOHN LOAGUE, President.
BERNARD COLL, Secretary.

THE Dime Paper Collar. Robeson, Sneed & Co. 2t

FINNIE & BUCKHAM have removed to 284 Main street. (E. Ivinson's old stand.) 3t

A CARD.

Editors Memphis Appeal:

On my return home last Wednesday, I saw for the first time the following introduction to a correspondence:

MEMPHIS, TENN., September 5, 1868.

Gentlemen: An article in your local column this morning, giving, as a reason for Alderman Passmore's resignation of his seat in the board of the "City Fathers," that I had brought a charge against him of corruption in the Nicholson pavement business, makes it necessary for me to reply thereto, especially as said article attempts to exonerate Mr. Passmore from all guilt in the matter, and seems to be a perfect justification of his course in the opinion of your local editor.

My reply will be found in the correspondence (herewith submitted) which took place to-day between General Forrest and myself, and which I hope you will do me the justice to publish. I have no comments to make upon it.

Very respectfully,
E. MCDAVITT.

The gentleman says in his last sentence, "I have no comments to make upon it." This is simply preposterous, for the first paragraph contains nothing more or less than *his* comments. He would sacrifice me upon any altar rather than to have his financial policy interfered with, and I propose to show that such is the case before I close this communication. I was called upon by many of our citizens, ere I left for St. Louis, asking me to reconsider my resignation; even your Local editor did so, and, at his request, I put him in possession of the correspondence between myself and Mr Mitchell, which was published on the 5th inst. in the APPEAL. Immediately upon my return home, I withdrew my resignation, for "What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?"

In order that the public may understand why this correspondence published in the APPEAL of the 5th inst. bears date May 30th, 1868, I will state, on the morning of the day last referred to, a particular friend of mine informed me that at the next meeting of the Board, charges would be preferred against me, of bribery in the matter of the contract between the City and the Nicholson Paving Company, and to prevent any more such scenes as was enacted in the Board of 1867 upon this very subject, I concluded, by and with the advice of my friend Dr. Jas. M. Keller, to at once obtain the proof that would silence the scandal. When the proof came by letter (not a telegram, as stated in the APPEAL of the 7th inst.,) it was shown to a number of my friends, including Mayor Leftwich and other city officials, and here the matter rested until, in the heat of debate produced by my reviewing the financial policy of the city government, old McDavitt interrupted me by saying that I had "sold out the city to the Nicholson paving contractors." Now, Sirs, mark, this occurred on the evening of the 21 inst. Yet this guardian of the public weal has been in possession of what he then stated for six months, as I am given to understand, and during those six months he has met with me in committee in Council, in Convention, eat at the same table, drank out of the same cup, and held so high an opinion of me after the Brownsville Convention that he told our friends that he certainly must have misunderstood me prior to that time. Applauding to the echo the position I took in that body, to such an extent that I was congratulated by my friends upon having received absolution from Father McDavitt for all past differences in the Board. As before stated, with this knowledge for the past six months, he failed to say one word in regard to it until I made the charge and proved it, but which he had previously denied, of money being borrowed by the city at one and a half per cent per month, and that five thousand dollars had been borrowed at that rate from the merchant's Insurance Company, of which he, Ald. McDavitt, is President. This was the culminating point of his wrath and bitterness, and personal abuse and malevolence were resorted to to break down facts, when it was found I could not be dislodged from the position I had taken. I have been a member of the Board for twenty-three months, and I have yet to learn that I must submit to any particular line of policy dictated, or that my constituents sent me to represent them in voting only, or that when I undertake to argue any measure or policy introduced by a member or committee, that it is to be construed into a personal matter, which has, however, always been the case with Alderman McDavitt, when I have taken up the subject of finance. In this it would seem, that he arrogates to himself that he alone constitutes the city government, or that he is "Sir Oracle, and when he opens his mouth no dog must bark." In conclusion, I state most emphatically, I have never received any compensation whatever from Mr. Mitchell or any one connected with him, for any service I may have rendered him or them in the Nicholson contract. Mr. Mitchell corroborated this statement in a conversation with one of our first citizens, no longer ago than the 13th inst., in Louisv...

W. H. PASSMORE.

THE Dime Paper Collar. Robeson, Sneed & Co. 2t

Embroidered Net for the Spanish veil, at L. Kremer's.

LATEST fashion in hoop skirts. Menken Bros.

IMPROVEMENTS.

They Grow Up in Our Midst—H. A. Montgomery & Co.—Their New Enterprise—A Short Description of It.

Every business man in Memphis, especially those connected, in any way, with our cotton interests, remember the very serious difficulties which surrounded the compressing of cotton at this point last year. The distance from the business portion of the city at which the presses were situated, the awful condition of our streets and the heavy expense of transportation to and from the presses, rendered it almost impossible to get the staple packed into good shipping shapes. This evil has been remedied by

MESSRS. H. A. MONTGOMERY & CO.

These gentlemen have built a new and commodious press, directly on the levee, between Jefferson and Adams streets, fronting eighty-five feet on the water front, and running back 150 feet to Promenade street. The building is forty-five feet square and three stories high, entirely fireproof, and is supplied with Knowles' patent pumps, the most powerful in the world, which are capable of throwing water nearly to Front street and which render such a thing as fire almost impossible. On the first floor the immense Tyler cotton press looms up a perfect giant in strength, and seemingly powerful enough to crush the world itself between its enormous followers. This press is of the very largest size, and was built in New York expressly for this firm. It is worked entirely by the direct action of steam supplied by a boiler thirty feet long and 48 inches in diameter. The steam is carried through a pipe into the immense cylinder of the press. This cylinder is eight feet high and forty-eight inches in diameter. When the bale is placed upon the follower below, and steam let into the cylinder, the piston-head is forced up, carrying with it not only the bale, but the immense iron follower, which weighs five tons. The bedplate immediately above, weighs fourteen thousand pounds, while the piston-head and rack weigh twelve thousand pounds, and the two segments of a circle, or what are termed "sectors," weigh not less than five thousand pounds each.

SEVENTY-FIVE BALES PER HOUR

can be turned out by this press. The second floor will contain the office and will be used for the passage of cotton on the way through this great squeezer. On the third floor will be bedrooms for clerks, watchmen, etc. The press has been put up by Messrs. H. A. Montgomery, Thomas Graves and R. P. Walt, Esq., of this city, at an expense of over $50,000. The firm has secured the services of Mr. Horace E. Garth, as superintendent, and Mr. Ben. Fleming, as bookkeeper, as well as two cotton clerks, and are now ready for business.

LIEBIG.

To acquire the world-wide celebrity of a Liebig, a Schoenbein or a Bunsen, is an undertaking at the present day far different from what it was but a half century agone. Chemistry, the offspring of the empyricism of alchemy, and built upon accidental discoveries of the visionary hunters after the philosopher's stone or the waters of perennial youth, but a very few years since was in its infancy. Gay Lussac and Lavoisier discovered it as a foundling, Berzelius gave it a name, but it remained for the great man whose name heads our article, to make it a science and to direct its workings into the innumerable channels through which it now showers the greatest blessings upon the human race.

The days of the charlatan and quack in science have long been numbered, and the era of "learned" blacksmiths, or tinkers, or bricklayers, or weavers, or cobblers, has passed away. At the present day, in Europe at least, it is impossible for an ignoramus or an empyric to obtain even a scientific *notoriety*. A man, to become famous as a savan, must have received not only a scientific start in life, in the shape of a good school and college education, but he must continue his studies and experiments with all the aids of modern art and inventions, he must keep up with the literature and watch the progress of science and scientific discovery throughout the world. This will take his whole time, and then the work is but half done. He will have no time for *ad interim* weaving or bricklaying, or blacksmithing.

We were led to the above train of thought by the following communication which we have received from a gentleman whose scientific attainments have already obtained a recognition in our midst, and which, by experiments now being made, is destined to aid not a little in developing the wondrous natural resources of our country. Having spent several years in the University of Munich, a great portion of which time was in the laboratory of Baron Von Liebig, and knowing him intimately at that time, we can add our own personal indorsement of everything that Dr. Hoerner has written.

MEMPHIS, TENN., September 18, 1868.

Editors Memphis Appeal:

In the *Bulletin* of August 22d occurred the following paragraph:

"Baron von Liebig, Beust's right-hand man and most trusted confidential adviser, is of very humble descent. He used to be a journeyman cloth weaver, not many years ago. He then became a weaver on his own account, made money, started a large factory, and is now worth several millions."

The above, with the exception of the first sentence, is false in every particular. When my attention was first called to it, I intended to answer it, but press of other business caused me to delay doing so. I now take advantage of a leisure moment, to contradict a statement which is calculated to give the readers of the APPEAL (and their name is legion,) an incorrect idea of the great and good Liebig.

Justus von Liebig was, indeed, the son of poor parents, but his father, a hard working Burgher of Geissen, appreciating the advantages of an education, gave him the benefit of a school, high school, and University education. After Liebig graduated, he became, as the students in German Universities say, a "Philister," and remained at Geissen, where his talents and education were soon rewarded with a professorship. Of his career as a Professor and a scientific man I say nothing. It is a part of scientific history. The King Louis, of Barvaria, grandfather of the present King, and father of Maximilian, of blessed memory, recognizing him as the foremost of modern chemists (Bunsen and Schoenbein not excepted), and with that love of science, and regard for scientific men that was one of the redeeming traits of his character, when the University of Landshut was removed to Munich, invited Leibig thither, giving him a residence on the Carls-Strasse, and a salary of ten thousand gulden ($4000, gold) per annum. An allowance of one hundred thousand florins was also made him to establish his laboratory. These are all of the pecuniary rewards that were ever accorded to Liebig, the father, the founder, and now the head of organic chemistry.

As to his ever having been a weaver, or now being worth millions, both stories are alike false. He is a man living on a salary which would be called contemptible in this country, and has amassed no fortune. As an old scholar of Liebig's, Messrs. Editors, I ask you to publish this. Yours, truly,

THEO. HOERNER.

A GOOD PHOTOGRAPHIC picture is not taken by every artist, and indeed they are quite as rare now as they were a couple of years since, in spite of improved chemicals. Mr. Ed. Craver, of our city, who has his atelier in Clark's marble block, however, turns out some of as beautiful sun-pictures as can be found anywhere. His cartes de visite and imperial cards, are especially fine, both in manipulation and finish. His charges are moderate, and he will be glad to receive calls from all wanting pictures.

Guipure, and other trimming Laces, at L. Kremer's.

WE will offer on Monday, September 21st, the best *low priced* Paper Collar in the city. Linen finish at a dime a box. Robeson, Sneed & Co. sep20-2t

[COMMUNICATED.]

INVITATION TO THE PUBLIC.

By Rev. J. W. Rogers, Rector of "The Church of the Blessed Virgin."

With the consent of all our clergy and the special approbation of the Dean (in the absence of the Bishop), I shall offer, through the generosity of W. B. Greenlaw, Esq., next Sunday and every Sunday, 2000 *free church sittings*, in the Greenlaw buildings, Second street, to our floating population, and surely, at a time like this, when the "caterpillar" and the "canker-worm" and "war and pestilence," have doomed us—when "muses' hearts are failing them for fear" and all "faces gather blackness," for "the things, that are coming on the earth;" when, notwithstanding these things, such multitudes wander abroad as "sheep having no shepherd," surely, every good man will rejoice in an humble effort to scatter the "bread of life" "upon the waters."

During my protracted absence in Europe, St. Lazarus Church (in the building of which I had toiled so long) passed into better and more experienced hands than my own. The other churches of the city, according to the *published reports* of their devoted pastors, are rapidly increasing, and will soon be filled to overflowing—vast multitudes meanwhile have no stated place of worship, and "*The Church of The Blessed Virgin*" is, therefore, established to receive, instruct, and comfort them. The weekly offertory will (except at communion) be appropriated to support the Rector's family, who have been overwhelmed (as some of you know) by the calamities of our country, and reduced from affluence to poverty. The services will be neither, "High Church" nor "Low Church," but eminently Catholic. "Incense," "candles on the altar," and gorgeous vestments, adorned with "precious stones" and "silver and gold," about which so much has been written of late, and which were offered to God even by *the poor bondsmen from Egypt* and by *poor Catholics* in every age afterwards, will all be employed to add dignity and solemnity to His worship, if happily there should be faith enough left among Christians to adorn His temple as they do their own precious bodies, which are only smaller "temples of the Holy Ghost." But reared with gloomy magnificence, in the midst of these sacred services, the Cross of Christ, our "pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night," shall ever be presented as the *only hope of sinners*. For, "as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, so shall the Son of Man be lifted up (in this Church) that whosoever believeth in Him shall not perish, but have everlasting life."

First service next Sunday.

PERSONAL.

Col. C. S. Cameron arrived in the city yesterday evening, and will remain until to-morrow. He is stopping at the Hardwick House, where he will be glad to see his friends.

Tom Neal, Esq., of the Dyersburg *State Gazette* returned home yesterday, after a week's stay in town.

We were more than pleased to meet, yesterday, our old friend, Col. Jno. Donovan, who has been absent for some weeks in St. Louis. He is looking finely, and gives the most cheering accounts of Missouri politics.

THE LAW OF KINDNESS.—The man who loves his family, his home, whose little ones smile and run to meet him as he nears his dwelling, cannot be indifferent to the condition they might occupy in this cold and selfish world were he to be removed. No words or acts of tenderness can then be spoken, and the little ones whose every want was cheerfully supplied are obliged to look to others for support. It is conceded that a loving and indulgent husband studies the comfort of his family, and avails himself of *all* the advantages that are presented for the continuance of these comforts. What a consolation it is to a parent who loves his wife and children to know there is a society formed by *good men* of *like interests* which invites us to cast *all the future* well-being of our families into their care. The SAINT LOUIS MUTUAL Life Insurance Company is such an institution, and has its net-work of agents spread over the whole land. Here in Memphis, its agents are Messrs. McMahon & Otis, in the Kit Williams block, Madison street. They have an abundance of means, and know how to administer it to the best possible advantage for the benefit of our families. A small amount annually appropriated affords a positive remedy against such a contingency, that must sooner or later arise. A large portion of the losses paid by life insurance companies are paid to families that had nothing else left to them for their support.

Le Panier, the new style Skirt, of Bradley's Elliptic manufacture, at L. Kremer's.

THE Dime Paper Collar. Robeson, Sneed & Co. 2t

THE Executive Committee of the Agricultural Society met yesterday. The scale of premiums, as presented at the called meeting last Monday, was adopted, and we present it to our readers to-morrow. We are happy to announce that the apparent discrepancy in the offer of Col. Jno. Donovan, (tendering the race track for a fair ground), with the claims of Mr. Cameron, have been reconciled, and the fair will be held on the Racing Association grounds.

THE ADDING MACHINE, invented by Mr. Geo. H. Bielock, of New York, is certainly a most curious and useful invention. It is designed to assist the accountant in adding columns of figures, and can be used in a hundred different ways where calculating, tallying and verifying is required. In its construction it is simple, as well as the method of operating it. A child can work it after a few hours' practice, and perform feats in addition and multiplication that would astonish the "lightning calculator." It takes up scarcely more room than an ordinary inkstand. A dial, in front of which is a key-board with keys like a concertina, representing the nine numerals. By touching the keys representing the figures as you run up the column to be added, the machine is worked; and when the top of the column is reached, the hands on the dial indicate the result. The simplicity of the mechanism by which these astonishing results are produced, and the low price at which the machine can be furnished to the public, make it the most interesting and useful invention of the day.

FRANK'S SALOON.—Frank Saltalamachia, so long and favorably known to our citizens as furnishing the best wines, liquors, etc. the country affords, at No. 15 Jefferson street, will open his new saloon, No. 11 Jefferson, under the Commercial Hotel, with an elegant free lunch—turtle-soup and other luxuries, Monday morning. The house has been entirely refitted and furnished with just such a stock of drinkables which made him so popular with his many patrons in days past.

Important to Ladies of Fashion.—Mrs. Kremer begs to announce to her many friends and customers, that she has arrived from New York, where she has been for the last three months, thus having the advantage of studying the fashions of the day, and selecting the latest imported fashions. She flatters herself that her styles are the most recherche, and by far superior to any in this market, and at the same time assures her friends that her prices will be as low as any in this city. She would therefore invite all her friends to call and convince themselves.

THE PLANTERS AND MERCHANTS from Mississippi, Arkansas and West Tennessee, steamboat and railroad officers and their families' patronage is particularly solicited at the Southern Hotel. First-class fare reduced from $3 00 to $2 00 per day. The Southern is sure to please. Free wagon-yard for country teams. 1w

E. B. HOTCHKISS, Bookkeeper and accountant will take a situation on a regular set of books, or in squaring and balancing old set. Call left at Bookstore, 282 Main street will be promptly attended to. 2t

THE COURTS.

MUNICIPAL COURT—*Geo. W. Waldran, Judge.*—Yesterday Judge Waldran modified his fiat in the mandamus case of O. C. Woodward vs. S. B. Beaumont, as follows:

To the Clerk of the Municipal Court:

The fiat in this case is hereby so modified requiring you to issue a mandamus commanding said Beaumont to open the place of business of said Woodward so far as to permit him to vend Lottery tickets by virtue of his United States license, but in no manner to apply to the game of keno, or require said Beaumont to open said Woodward's place of business for the purpose of allowing that game to be carried on.

GEO. W. WALDRAN, Judge.

Sept. 19, 1868.

Mr. Frank Taft, Clerk of the Court issued a mandamus in accordance with the above fiat of the Court.

Yesterday being motion day, the usual number of motions were heard. It was ordered by the court that all motions for new trials would be heard on the first Saturday in October next. The cases set for trial on Monday next were published on yesterday. Court meets on Monday at 9 o'clock, a.m.

CRIMINAL COURT—*Wm. Hunter Judge.*—In chambers on yesterday the following business was transacted:

The case of the State vs. Turner and Rogers, was continued over to Wednesday next. These negroes stand charged with the burglary in Gen. Hume's residence.

The case of the State vs. Calico and Woods was continued over to Wednesday next. The above parties stand charged with the outrage committed on the person of Mr. Alexander. The above cases come up next Wednesday, at 2 o'clock, p.m.

The habeas corpus case of the State vs. W. F. Clark, was continued over for further investigation until Wednesday next. The testimony on behalf of the State was heard on yesterday.

In the case of the State vs. Helen Stone, charge of larceny, application to reduce bond. The bond was fixed at $1000.

The case of the State vs. Annie Galagher and Sallie Myers, charge of larceny, was continued over to next Wednesday.

CHANCERY COURT—*A. Alston, Clerk and Master.*—Sixteen attachment bills were filed on yesterday by Taylor McBean & Baldwin for use, &c., against property holders in the city, and attaching the property of defendants to satisfy amounts due for laying down the Nicholson pavement. The clerk and master will take an account on Monday next, in the case of Kerr vs. Eldridge et al.

TRANSFER OF REAL ESTATE FOR THE WEEK ENDING, September 18, 1868.—Neil B. Holt to Julia F. LeGure, 10x150 feet, north side of Washington street, $600; Martin Webber & Bro., to James S. Roose, lot 66, Willo Williams' division, $617 11; James Boyer et al. to E. R. Allen, 105x210 feet, lot 19, Claybook division, $700; Correll Smith and wife to George W. Merrick, lots 1 and 2, block 10, Fort Pickering, $700; T. H. Boswell, Marshall, to A. M. Boyd, lot 2 and 4, west side of Main street, $620,13; Max Schneller to Wm. A. Bender, lot 27, block 2, Fort Pickering, $200; Marcus J. Wright and wife to John Dutlinger, lot at junction Fort Pickering and Memphis and Charleston Railroad, $7000; Commissioner's deed to McLemore heirs, various blocks and lots in Fort Pickering, value, $58,207 50; A. M. Ferguson to Edward Maha's heirs, 50x168½, part block 50, $300. The following are in the office awaiting parties interested to come in and make corrections; John C. McLemore to Mrs. M. A. J. Hartley; John H. and Mary A. Hartley to Anna M. Harman; John C. McLemore to Mrs. M. A. J. Hartley.

GEO. M. GREELY, Register.

Memphis, Sept. 19, 1868.

FOR RENT.—A house and outhouses and garden, near street railroad and Nicholson paved street, in the best neighborhood, and three-fourths of a mile from Court square. Three acres of ground in inclosure, inside the original city limits. Apply to J. M. Keating, APPEAL Office. tf

Packing Boxes. Order from J. A. Wiggs & Co.

Flooring, Ceiling, Weatherboarding, Shingles. Purchase from J. A. Wiggs & Co.

To Retailers and Country Merchants. Our large stock of Domestic Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes, Clothing, Gent's Furnishing Goods, Hats and Notions, is being closed out at extra low prices (our last season in the business). J. H. Loewenstine & Bros, No. 231 Main street, Clay Building. Here is a great chance to purchase bargains for cash or approved city acceptance, as this stock must be closed out.

Flooring, Ceiling, Weatherboarding, Shingles. Purchase from J. A. Wiggs & Co.

IT is not always the tallest, longest, or widest house that you get the best articles, or the cheapest. Parties wishing to get rid of their cock roaches, bugs and other insects, can buy of us the Cresilic Soap, the best disinfectant in existance for coal oil lamps, soaps tinware, etc. Call at our lamp store, No. 40 Jefferson street. O. F. PRESCOTT. 2t.

Packing Boxes. Order from J. A. Wiggs & Co.

Packing Boxes. Order from J. A. Wiggs & Co.

Flooring, Ceiling, Weatherboarding, Shingles. Purchase from J. A. Wiggs & Co.

To Retailers and Country Merchants. Our Large stock of Domestic Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes, Clothing, Gent's Furnishing Goods, Hats and Notions, is being closed out at extra low prices (our last season in the business). J. H. Loewenstine & Bros, No. 231 Main street, Clay Building. Here is a great chance to purchase bargains for cash or approved city acceptance, as this stock must be closed out.

FINANCE AND TRADE.

FINANCE.

OFFICE OF THE DAILY APPEAL,
MEMPHIS, September 19, 1868.

Our bankers report this as a dull day, in all respects. Money is comparatively easy, and all legitimate short time paper is taken at the usual rates.

Exchange was not so freely offered to day, although our banks are all abundantly supplied. Cotton bills are taken at ⅛ discount, and mercantile bills on all points North and West at par. Selling at ⅛@¼c premium on the East, and all other Northern and Western cities at ¼c premium.

City Bonds are quiet. Several lots are held at 50c, and some offerings were reported during the day at 49½c, but we could learn of no sales.

There are orders on the market for Mississippi and Tennessee bonds and stocks, but other railroad securities are not in much demand.

City Scrip is firm. Dealers buy at 71@74c. Selling at 75@78c.

County Warrants, in small sums, are in demand, but large Warrants are not taken by brokers, as there is very little call for large pieces. Where sums suit, they are taken at 54@55c. Selling at 58@60c.

Police Scrip is in active demand, as taxes are falling due. Dealers buy at 80@82c. Selling at 85@90c.

The New York Stock Board quotations were at noon to day as follows: Old Tennessee bonds, 69¼; new, 69¾. New York Central, 131¾. Erie, 46⅞.

Gold, in New York, opened at 144⅛c and closed at 144⅛c. Outside a few small lots, we could hear of no sales. Dealers buy at 142@142½c. Selling at 143@143½c.

COTTON.

Cotton was quiet in Liverpool to-day at the opening, with Uplands, 10¼d; Orleans, 10½d; and was unchanged throughout.

The New York market, at the opening, was quiet but firm—Uplands, 28½c—and closed quiet, but steady, at unchanged quotations. Sales of 1150 bales Uplands, for December delivery, at 23c. Week's sales or stock on hand not given.

In this market there was a fair inquiry, notwithstanding it was the last day of the week. The following sales were reported: 1 bale Ordinary, 22c; 1 do. Good Ordinary, 22½c; 2 do. 23c; 1 do. 23½c; 2 do. 24c; 2 bales Low Middlings, 23½c; 4 do. 24c; 5 do. 23c; 4 do. 23c; 5 do. 23½c; 2 bales Middlings, 24c; 4 do. 23½c; 4 do. 24½c; 4 do. 24c. We look for more activity during the coming week, if prices continue steady, as several Eastern buyers, who have recently returned from their summer tour, will commence operations.

COTTON STATEMENT.

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE,
MEMPHIS, September 19, 1868.

Stock on hand Sept. 1, 1868		47
Received to-day	103	
Received previously	439	512
		589
Exported to-day	108	
Exported previously	314	423
Stock on hand to-day, 6 p.m.		169
Received this week		431
Exported this week		314

By a private letter, we learn that the cotton crop of the Yazoo and Tallahatchie river valley is suffering very severely from the ravages of the worm. The writer, who dated his letter from Waterfront, Miss., September 16th, says that it will be impossible to make over a half crop.

TRADE.

Saturday, which is usually a busy day with us, was rather dull yesterday, or, rather, many of our merchants complained of having little to do, while others appeared to have their hands full. Trade was brisk only in spots. Prices are much the same as yesterday, in all articles. Iron ties are becoming scarce, while rope is not in demand.

We have heard some complaint relative to the rates of freight agreed to, in convention, by the freight agents recently convened in this city. While the agents claim that freights are about 10c per 100 lbs. less than last year, these parties claim that such is not the fact. We shall merely refer to the case of one house, which, in a statement made to us, gave the following as the rates paid by them last year. Previous to October 12th the house claims to have shipped non-compressed cotton at $1 50 per 100 lbs. On October 12th, at $1 70; October 14th, $1 85; November 16th, $1 75. The rates adopted by the different lines, which went into effect in October, last year, just two weeks later than the change occurred this season, were as follows, on cotton, from Memphis or Nashville to the following places:

	All Rail. Non Comp.	All Rail. Comp.	Rail and Water. Non Comp.	Rail and Water. Comp.
	Per 100 pounds.		Per 100 pounds.	
Boston	$1 95	$1 56	$1 85	$1 48
Providence	"	"	"	"
New York	1 85	1 48	1 75	1 40
Philadelphia	1 75	1 40	1 65	1 31
Baltimore	1 65	1 31	1 55	1 24
Buffalo	1 20	96	1 10	88
Fall River	2 05	1 64	1 95	1 56

The Convention has adopted the following rates for this year, which took effect September 15th:

	All Rail. Non Comp.	All Rail. Comp.	Rail and Water. Non Comp.	Rail and Water. Comp.
Boston	$1 85	$1 48	$1 75	$1 38
Providence	"	"	"	"
Fall River	"	"	"	"
New York	1 75	1 40	1 66	1 30
Philadelphia	1 65	1 32	1 55	1 22
Baltimore	1 55	1 24	1 45	1 14
Buffalo	1 20	96	1 10	88

It will be seen that rates are lower this year than last, and that if any shipments were made last season at better figures than those given above, it was in the shape of rebate, a system bred by the war, in iniquity, and which we have, more than once, denounced as degrading to the merchant and the shipping agent, and a swindle upon the planter and the purchaser.

APPLES—Nominally $1@1 25 per bushel.

BAGGING—There is a good demand except for India, which is dull; Todd's, 18@18½c; heavy Kentucky, 23½@26c; India, 26@27c.

BRAN—Demand fair. Selling at $21 from mills, $21 on levee, and $22@23 from store.

BUTTER—Market firm. Choice held at 36@38c. Large stock of inferior on hand and prices nominal.

BACON—Market well supplied and prices irregular. Summer cured, city packed, Clear Sides, 16¾@17¼c. Other packs, 16½@16¾c. Shoulders, 12¾@13c.

CHEESE—Prices are irregular, with light stock and demand.

COFFEE—Rio, 22@26½c; Java, 40@42c.

CORN—Stock light; 55 sacks shelled at depot, 90c; 200 do., 90c. Held at 95c in store.

CORNMEAL—The market is firmer and stock falling off. Fresh, $4@4 10 in store. Kiln-dried, $4 25@4 40.

CATTLE—The stock on hand is light and demand only of a local character. Choice Western, 5@6c; No. 2, 3@4c; inferior and Texas, 1½@2½c.

CHICKENS—Market firm. Young, $4 50@5; old, $5@5 50.

EGGS—Firm at 25@27c.

FRUIT—Dried apples in demand at 5@6c. Dried peaches, 8@10c.

FLOUR—Market is dull. Superfine, $6 50@7; X, $9@9 50; XX, $10@11; XXX and fancy family, $11 50@13.

HAY—Market firmer. Selling at $18@21 in store. About 75 bales received and held at $22@24 on levee.

HAMS—Country sugar-cured canvassed, 18c; city do., 20@20½c; plain canvassed, 17@17½c.

HIDES—Receipts light. Dry flint, 21@22c; dry salt, 17@18c; green salt, 10@11c; green, 8@9c.

IRON TIES—Good demand. Held at 7@8½c, as to style of tie.

LARD—Prices unchanged. Kegs, 20@20½c; tierces, 19@19½c.

LIME—Eureka, $2 25; Alabama, Cape and St. Louis, $1 75@2.

MOLASSES—Fair stock. Sugarhouse, 65c@$1; Porto Rico, 65@85c; Syrups, 75c@$1 25.

MESS PORK—The market is firm to-day. Sales in a small way at $30 25@30 50. Lots are held at $30, while buyers are offering $29 75 freely.

OATS—About 500 sacks received. Held at 64@65c on levee; 68@72c from store.

OILS—Coal oil, 35@40c; lard oil, $1 40@1 75; linseed, $1 20@1 40.

ONIONS—Stock very light. Firm at $3@4 per bbl.

POTATOES—Good shipping are in demand at $1 per bushel. Sweet, 75c@$1 per bushel.

ROPE—Very little selling. Held at 9½@10c.

SHEEP—Stock only moderate. Choice Western, $4@5 50 per head; Tennessee, $2@3 50 as to quality.

SUGAR—The stock on hand is fair. We quote prime to choice Louisiana, 16@18c; common to fair, 15@16c; Island, 12½@16c.

SALT—Prices firm. Held at $3 40@3 50 per barrel of 280 lbs; 7 bushel barrels, $4 25@4 50; Liverpool sack, coarse and fine, $3 25@3 3.

TAR—In kegs, per dozen, $5 75@6.

TOBACCO—400 pounds leaf refuses sold to-day at 8c. Medium admitted is worth 18c.

WHEAT—Active demand from city millers; No. 1, $1 86@2; No. 2, $1 85@1 90; inferior, $1 40@1 60.

WHISKY—The market is firm with no high wines offered; common whisky, $1@1 25; imitation Bourbon, $1 40@1 60; Bourbon, $1 80@3 50.

RIVER MATTERS.

WEATHER AND RIVERS.

PITTSBURG, September 19.—River five feet seven inches and falling.

LOUISVILLE, September 19.—River falling. Eight feet in the canal. Weather wet.

ST. LOUIS, September 19.—River stationary.

MEMPHIS, September 20.—The weather is clear and warm. The river at this point is rising rapidly. White river is falling, as is also the Arkansas and all the streams in this section. The lower Ohio still rises rapidly from the heavy swells which have not yet run out of the Tennessee and Cumberland.

Arrivals.

Steamer Commonwealth, St. Souis.
" Darling, Cincinnati.

Departures.

Steamer Jolia, Vicksburg.
" Commonwealth, New Orleans.
" Mayflower, White River.
" City of Alton, St. Louis.

In Port.

Steamers Darling, Peerless.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Business was very fair on the levee yesterday, and the White river packet went out with a good trip.

The towboat Kellogg, which burst her boiler and laid up here to repair, left with her tow yesterday for New Orleans.

The regatta at Mound City yesterday was largely attended. The result was very different from that of the previous contest between the two boats. Everything passed off pleasantly.

Capt. Harrison Blaisdel is in town. He has been rusticating along the Ohio and near St. Louis for some time back. We hope to see him afloat soon.

The Arkansas river packet Company are about to place their packets in commission from this point to Fort Smith. The Caldwell will lead off on Thursday, to be followed by other boats of the line.

The Peerless will leave some day this week for Little Rock. She has not been sold as reported.

The Belle Memphis, Capt Crane, with Billy Bleaker in the office, backs out to-morrow for Cairo and St. Louis.

The Darling, Capt. Kates, came in yesterday with a good trip. She will get away on Tuesday for Cincinnati. Capt. Lew never fails to leave on time. Mr. Power, the chief clerk of the Darling, is one of the best officers in any trade, and has hosts of friends in Memphis.

The fine steamer Lady Gay will pass down to-morrow for Vicksburg and New Orleans. She is a No 1 steamer and is well officered.

The Liberty No. 2 is the regular U. S. mail packet for White river on Tuesday next. Jim Rice is master.

The Dee Arc, Capt Elliott, leaves on Tuesday for White river. She is the independent packet.

The Mollie Hambelton, Capt Bowman, leaves on Tuesday for the St. Francis river.

The following letter is only one of many similar ones daily received by our merchants. We commend its perusal to our City Council:

NEW ORLEANS, September 17, 1868.

Messrs. J. F. Frank & Co.:

Dear Sirs: We have yours of the 15th, ordering ten barrels Orleans Syrup (price to-day 65c.) We will not have a boat by which we can ship before Monday, when your order will have attention.

The steamer "Bismarck" leaves to-day, and will not land at Memphis on account of the wharfage of ninety dollars charged for landing. This is a great injury to your trade and city.

Yours, very truly,
A. THOMSON & CO.

The City of Cairo resumes her place in the packet trade, in charge of Capt. J. W. Malin. The Cairo leaves this port on Tuesday next. The Forsyth takes the day of the City of Alton, while the latter boat will load for New Orleans.

Capt. C. G. Schultz is in St. Louis, negotiating for the purchase of one-fourth of the Virginia, for the Louisville and New Orleans trade, and will take charge of her.

The negro crew of the Linton drowned a Mexican fireman engaged on that boat, by chasing him overboard at Evansville, on the 17th. Seventeen of the niggers are in limbo.

J. P. WEBB SUNK.—The J. P. Webb, bound from Cincinnati to Evansville, took a shear on her pilot while going over the falls at Louisville, on Thursday, struck a bank and sunk to the hurricane roof. Boat and cargo a total loss. The Webb was owned by Capt. Lancaster, Clerk Bradley, and other parties in Evansville, and was probably worth $6000 or $7000, and partially insured in foreign offices. No lives lost.

A third test of the steel boilers was made at Pittsburg on Wednesday. It sustained a higher pressure than on previous trials, the pressure having reached 780 pounds to the square inch, when the rivets in a portion of the boiler gave way.

SUNDAY APPEAL.

For the Sunday Appeal.]

FAITH AND NO FAITH.

BY LILLIAN ROZELL MESSENGER.

The day passed out thro' twilight,
I went to God's still house of evening prayer.
Beauty, silence and splendor, born of night,
Were gliding everywhere.

A lonely breeze slipped down
From starry solitudes, and Echo passed
Soft o'er the world's harp-strings, and Music's crown
At night's pale feet was cast;

The while, a noise of wings,
Said plain as speech, the angels were abroad;
And followed one with spirit-murmurings
Viewless along the road,

And whispered sweetly low:
"A thousand lights from happy-hearted homes,
In fairy hands are flitting to and fro,
And down from starry domes;

"All seem, in busy bliss,
Lighting fair lamps to guide Love's aery feet:
Is not all joy we know of here, but this—
Anticipation sweet?

"No lamp is lit for me,
No home reaches its love-hands through the night
To me, nor through the dark, nor o'er life's sea—
No fair hands wave in sight."

"Your hopes are dim," I said,
And though for me there be no homes at all,
Nor rest, nor love, nor life, save with the dead
Morning or even-fall;

"Yet when the night has lit
Her million starry fires on high, I know
They are but golden showers that do flit
In darkness to and fro.

"From 'many mansions' fair,
Where homes are made for homeless hearts, by hands
Unseen but loved: and in one mansion there,
Of yon celestial lands,

"I know two loved ones dwell,
And in its windows set a light for me;
Although I hear them not, nor see, 'tis well—
They wait me patiently.

"And so the spirit sees
Them watching there, and past this silence dumb,
Floating through Heaven's bliss, on blissful breeze
They waft, "Why don't she come?"

CLERKS.

How they Live and What they do in Large Cities.

The New York correspondent of the Providence *Press* describes the life of the clerks in that city:

Some of the establishments have as many as two hundred clerks in their employ. They are expected to dress well, to keep up with the fashions, so as to be in keeping with the general style of things about them. They must be at business promptly at eight in the morning, a strict account being kept of any failure to do so, which is reported by the head of the department to the general manager. All the day long they are kept on their feet, under watchful eyes, and with a multitude of details to attend to; and at noon they must hurry out for a hasty lunch and be back as soon as possible, flying the day through until seven or eight o'clock at night. In the busy season they are liable to be worked until eleven or twelve o'clock at night; and in the dull season, which comes on in the city often enough, they are just as liable to be discharged at a week's notice, and though they have been years in the house, and been faithful in every way.

It is a well known fact that New York merchants care nothing for the interests of their clerks; and the larger and more prosperous the house, the more anxious it is to save a few dollars, by cutting down hands in dull times. The supply of clerks is always so large that at the approach of busy days they can easily fill up again. With the exception of men who bring trade, and are engaged by contract, no clerk is sure of his place beyond the passing week. And for it all, what salary is received? By careful search through all branches of trade, it is found the average is not over fifteen dollars a week; falling in some, yes, in many cases, far below that, and rising, in a few exceptions, far above. Thus, the head book-keeper of a prominent Broadway house gets a salary of thirteen thousand dollars, while under him are no less than six men, having the brunt of the work to do, who are paid three dollars a day. There are men in other houses who enjoy princely incomes, because they have drawn one of the prizes of trade; they have a trade of their own, which brings in large sums to their employer; they are paid for their work with unstinted hand. But all around them are men without this special advantage, though competent, who are barely getting a living.

Go into other lines of business. An entry clerk in a great grocery, or produce, or tea house, is thought well paid, for the first few years at least, with five hundred salary. He must be a crack penman, and devote himself, like a dray horse, to business, even to retain the position, where, in this overcrowded city, so many are eager to get it. A young friend of mine worked six years in one wealthy commission house, giving night and day to the affairs, hoping each season, as he saw his services were worth more than he was getting, that the firm would raise his salary. At last his efficient business quality attracted the attention of a rival company, who offered him a large advance. He announced his intention of leaving his employer, who then woke up to his value, and told him he could not spare him, and wanted him to name the salary he wished. And this is a fair sample of the mercantile style in New York.

The clerks in banks are well paid, well treated, and are oftentimes provided with dinners free. In fact, some of the banks get up daily a luxurious dinner for their clerks, serving it hot and nice in the bank parlor or other room provided for the purpose. These fortunates also receive a semi yearly gift from the bank for faithful service, ranging from fifty to three hundred dollars. And, as might be supposed, there are five hundred applicants for every vacancy that occurs.

The lack of a home sends the clerk too often on the streets for amusement. Thousands of young men are living in New York without any check upon them in the way of home influence. Dissipation finds them out quick. Disappointed or weary, they seek those exciting pleasures of town life which blast and kill. Not being able to meet the demand of these follies, they gamble, hoping to raise money; they rob employers, going on from small sums to large amounts, and at last become reckless. Even as I write, memory brings up the careers of clerks I have known and watched—young men who were of New England, of good families, who, in some evil, wayward, tempting hour, fell into the pitiless snares, and were caught beyond hope in the meshes—who sunk name and caste and broke the hearts of fond parents at home! They came to New York meaning well, and with high-beating hearts. But its whirling life was too much for them. Its competition and merciless demands broke their spirit—they lost honor—they lost themselves!

OLE BULL AT HOME.

The Great Norwegian Violinist in Norway.

When Ole Bull left this country a few months ago, he was accompanied by Mr. J. Fay Watson, of New York, who sends the following entertaining correspondence to the *Revolution:*

VALESTRAND, Norway, Aug., 1868.

For the past month I have been sojourning in this romantic country as the guest of the world-renowned violinist, Ole Bull. Valestrand is a quiet and secluded spot, situated in a charming valley, about eighteen miles from Bergen. Although Ole Bull was born in Bergen, most of his youthful days was passed at Valestrand; and there is a cave, a short distance from the house, where, as a boy, the violinist practiced his first crude ideas of music. Many were the hours he spent in this lonely cave, with no other companion than his loved violin. The peasants, as they passed to and fro on the road just below the cave, were puzzled to determine where the music proceeded from, and it was some time before the *sanctum* of the young musician was discovered. When a boy, Ole Bull was not exempt from the troubles and trials that most young "fiddlers" must pass through. The violin in the hands of the novice during the first months of practice (even if he possessed the requisite talent), is not a facinating instrument, and the most agonizing and doleful sounds are elicited by the young beginner. Ole Bull's parents, as well as the family generally, quite naturally objected to his practicing in the house, and especially at night, as the boy was in the habit of "tuning up his fiddle" at all hours to suit his fancy. Several castigations from the father soon put a stop to further annoyance, and the young aspirant was compelled to resort to the friendly cave, where he could practice to his heart's content unmolested. The father, however, gradually relented, as the playing of his son soon began to attract attention, and he purchased some violin studies and presented them to the boy as a birthday gift. At the age of eight years, Bull played his first solo in public, at a concert in Bergen, and created much surprise, even among the old musicians; for he played a concerto, by Rode, most admirably. This was a sort of turning point in the life of Ole Bull, and he immediately became the pet of the musical public of Bergen. At the age of twenty he visited Paris, where he passed through many of the "ups and downs" of life; but finally his name became known throughout the whole civilized world as the greatest violinist since Paginini, and for many years Ole Bull and his "*Mother's Prayer*" have been household words in Europe and America. We spend the time here in a variety of ways, and have the richest musical treats almost daily, interspersed with pleasant conversation, short rides and walks among the mountain scenery. Every steamer brings a fresh levy of visitors. Ole Bull is very popular with all classes. Of course his well-known radical political ideas do not find favor with government officials, but his *music* is always acceptable, and Ole Bull is probably to-day the most popular man in Norway. Since his arrival here, he has received many marks of esteem, both public and private. If he goes to Bergen he is sure to be serenaded, and the public journals are continually sounding his praise. The following I have from Bull himself:

In 1850 he established the National Drama in Norway at his own private expense. He met with considerable opposition from the chief of police in Bergen. Bull had neglected to provide reserved seats in his theater for that functionary, his family, and the members of the police force of the city. According to an old obsolete Danish law, the city officials are to be privileged "*dead heads*" at all *bear* and *monkey* shows that may pass through the country (I here remind the musician that he was a "BULL," and this law would naturally apply to him); but Bull did not think the police had a right to reserved seats unless they *paid* for them like other people. As the officious chief of police, however, continued to annoy him, he concluded to have some sport, and having caused a board eight feet long, by four wide, to be prepared, he had the following painted thereon in large letters: "*These seats are reserved for the police.*" This board was nailed up in the theater directly over the seats that were designed for the officers of the law. The audience assembled on the appointed night, and the sight of the immense sign caused great merriment, and, of course, brought matters to a crisis. Legal proceedings were instituted against the "eccentric musician," and after a long and tedious examination, the Supreme Court adjudged Bull not guilty, after the chief of police lost his position by his over officiousness. Still the suit cost Bull a great deal of money and anxiety. But he had the satisfaction of proving that *he was right*, and the National Drama was played at his theater for nine years. He has since presented the building to the city of Bergen.

Although Norway is a most beautiful country, great numbers emigrate yearly to America. Last year ten thousand Norwegians settled in Minnesota alone. The cause of this is said to be mostly on account of the best part of the fertile land in Norway being in the hands of the clergy, who, like the "*dog in the manger*," will not work it nor sell it; consequently the peasant who has little means at his command prefers to emigrate to America, where land is cheap and productive. Ole Bull spends his summers at Valestrand, surrounded by admiring friends. He has several brothers residing in Bergen, and many relatives. His wife died in 1860. He has one son and two daughters now living; the son Alexander, is at present in America. In the autumn the artist begins his professional tours, and his housekeeper assures me that after he is gone *the tones of his violin are distinctly heard in the music room.* The people of Norway are noted for being somewhat superstitious, and since my visit to Ole Bull several ladies have informed me that they have heard the organ in the music room played by mysterious hands, long after the inmates of the villa had retired. As yet, however, your correspondent has not been favored with any of this *spiritual* music. Yesterday, however, while at dinner, sounds of sweet music suddenly caught our ears. I suggested that it was probably his *ghostship*, and politely asked one of the ladies if she would favor me with an introduction. As we were conversing, the sounds drew nearer, and, upon looking out of the window, several musicians were discovered playing a plaintive Norwegian melody. Ole Bull sent a servant to invite them. They proved to be members of the military band at Bergen who had walked seven miles over the mountains to serenade Ole Bull. After partaking of some refreshments, they proceeded to the music room, and, at my request, performed some beautiful compositions of *Rikhard Nordraak*, a young Norwegian composer, who died at the early age of twenty-four years. His music is full of tender pathos, and strikingly original. He was a warm friend of Ole Bull, and his *Opus* No. 1 is dedicated to the great violinist.

The Norwegians thoroughly understand the art of enjoyment. I think, in their social entertainments and amusements, they are ahead of the French and Germans. They are proverbially hospitable, especially so in country places. A strange custom after meals also prevails here, the guests shake hands all round, and when they come to the host they say, "*Tak for maden,*" which is equivalent to "*thank you for food.*" The host responds with "*Vel bekomme,*" or, much good may you receive from it." The language closely resembles the English, and is easily acquired. Ole Bull will return to the United States in early autumn, and give his first concerts in Boston, commencing on the 23d September, and in New York the 1st of October. He has presented your correspondent with a magnificent "Cremona" violin, made by Amati, in 1616, which is a priceless souvencir of his visit to Norway and the generosity of Ole Bull.

Yours truly, J. FAY WATSON.

CHLOROFORM.

The Effect of Light upon it.

From the Pacific Medical and Surgical Journal.]

Some time since, a death occurred at Winona, Wisconsin, from the inhalation of chloroform. During the progress of the coroner's investigation it was asked, if light would decompose chloroform, and if so, what time was required to render the decomposition apparent. On these points Dr. Youmans (*Dental Register*) says: "At the time the chemical examination of the chloroform was going on, a fresh bottle, represented as belonging to the same invoice as that used by Dr. Welch, was obtained from Mr. Wickersham, and also subjected to examination. This presented nothing extraordinary in appearance, and was found to be perfectly pure. At the close of the inquest it was left standing upon the table, near a window, in a private room in my office, where, for a portion of the day—from about nine o'clock until twelve—it was exposed to the direct rays of the sun. I took no particular notice of it further than an occasional glance, until one day—the twenty-fifth, I think, from the time of bringing it to the office—I observed upon the bottom of the inside of the bottle a greenish appearance which at once arrested my attention. Struck by the similarity of color between it and the foreign substance present in the chloroform which came from the office of Dr. Welch, I immediately dipped into the bottle a slip of test paper, and found the contents to be decidedly acid. A day or two after I observed that a greenish-colored fluid was collecting upon the surface of the chloroform; and this has since gone on accumulating until now it forms a kind of ring nearly a quarter of an inch thick, adhering to the sides of the bottle, and floating upon the surface. I have tested this chloroform carefully, and find the new substance to be hydrochloric acid."

A MARTYR TO SCIENCE.

Brief Story of the Life of Robert Kennicott.

From a Boston letter we have the following interesting story of the life and death of a remarkable young man:

I wonder, did you ever hear of Robert Kennicott? Some one told me the brief story of his life, the other day, and it is well worth repeating, though I can give you but the merest skeleton of a sketch. He was the son of the well-known editor of *The Prairie Farmer*, and a resident of Chicago. In his boyhood he manifested an engrossing love of natural history, gave his whole mind to its study, and a very powerful and brilliant mind it was. I am not well posted in the dates of this subject, but I think he had passed but little beyond his majority, say in '60 or '61, when he set out on an exploring expedition through the wilds of the Northampton country. He ascended the Missouri river to its source, traveling alone through regions where a white foot had scarcely if ever trodden, thoroughly explored the Russian and British possessions in the northwest, and carried on a campaign of investigation against beasts, birds, reptiles and insects. He visited Sitka, then a Russian post and remained there for some time. He inoculated the Russian officers there stationed, many of whom were men of high culture, with his passion for natural history, and taught them to pursue the studies which alone he found happiness. His experiences almost rival those of Munchausen in dangers and difficulties. No peril daunted him; no obstacle discouraged him. Once, far in the wilderness, he found himself destitute of the pins with which bugs and "sich" are impaled, and without a moment's hesitation he set out and made a journey of five hundred miles through the snowy solitudes of Sitka to replenish his stock. During one of his visits to this place, I think in 1863, he heard of the war of the rebellion. Instantly he started overland for the East, made his way to the army in Virginia, associated himself with the Sanitary Commission, and labored faithfully in the cause of humanity till Lee's surrender. Without a moment's delay, after that event, he turned his steps again to the northwest and buried himself in the wilderness. A little more than a year ago some travelers in that bleak region came upon the figure of a man sitting, compass in hand, before a map of the scene of his recent explorations, which he had drawn with a stick upon the snow, dead. It was young Kennicott, who had died as he had lived, alone. His short life was not without fruits, however. He had established an intimate connection with the officers of the Smithsonian Institute, who were filled with wondering admiration of his energy and love of science. His contributions to the cabinet of that institution were of incalculable value and his good deeds live after him in the acts of others whom he taught to love science. Not long ago—before the Alaska purchase, however—Prof. Baird, of the Smithsonian, received a string of birds from a Russian officer stationed at Sitka—a gentleman whom Kennicott had inspired with his own zeal in the study of natural history—which the professor affirmed no European museum could duplicate. Prof. Baird has been solicited to write a byography of Kennicott, and a review of his travels in Alaska; but he declines the task, pleading want of time, and suggests that Dr. Simpson, of Chicago, should undertake the work.

A SHEARING of Merino rams was held in Genesee county, New York, June 12th, at which 21 rams were shorn, yielding 17 pounds per fleece.

THE total outlay of capital in the Band of Hope placer mine at Ballarat, Australia, has been $150,000; the yield in three years $3,000,000; the net profits $1,000,000.

For the Sunday Appeal.]

A FRIEND.

BY MARY E. POPE.

In the gay paths of pleasure, when Life's light was young,
I sported, nor thought its bright gala would end,
Glad, and happy the while, every siren note sung,
On my ear, seemed to fall from the lips of a friend.

But the clouds gathered o'er me, the blossoms lay dead,
And for fragrance sharp stings to my bosom did send;
In the throng that sang round me, with anguish and dread,
I found few were worthy the dear name of friend.

That knowledge has taught my deceived, foolish heart,
On the few its deep tenderness richly to spend,
And its pulses with rapture more fervent to start
In response to the call of a true earnest friend.

Oh! what were the world, with its trappings and gauds,
Its idols to which so devoutly we bend,
The tinsel and pomp of its glittering frauds,
If, amid them, the heart were uncheered by a friend.

The skies might their glories still shed o'er the night,
Enchantment the steps of the seasons attend,
But the eye would rest on them, unthrilled with delight,
If it met not the answering glance of a friend.

For, let the sky lower, let Fortune look stern,
Let ingratitude, sorrow, and care, the heart rend—
Yet, like sunshine, the brightness and gladness return,
The instant the heart recognizes a friend.

When on the last bed, when the soul struggles up
From the clay, with the Spirit Eternal to blend,
How unspeakably bitter to drain the dark cup
Unsoothed by the tears and embrace of a friend.

When Life's dreams are o'er, and alone we go hence,
How dreadful that land unto which we must wend,
In mystery shrouded, unfathomed by sense,
If it were not the home of an Almighty friend.

When we think of that home, where angels in bliss,
Their rapturous anthems in unison blend,
How it softens the anguish and sorrow of this,
To know, 'neath its skies, friend again sha l shall meet friend!

SAINT MARY'S, 1857.

THE CAPITOL.

The New Bronze Doors—Interesting Descripton.

From the Springfield (Mass.) News, Aug. 23.]

Everyone has heard of the new bronze doors for the Capitol at Washington, now being made at the Ames Company's works at Chicopee; and now that they are nearly completed a history and description of them will be of interest to many who may not have an opportunity of seeing them.

To begin at the time that they were first considered necessary to the beauty and convenience of the Capitol, recall us to when the now notorious Jefferson Davis was Secretary of War. More room was needed for the increasing business at Washington, and two wings were added to the Capitol to supply the want, and in one of these the bronze doors are to be hung.

An Art Committee was appointed by Congress to receive proposals and models, which in turn were to be referred to the Secretary of War for his approval. Out of all that was submitted, Crawford received the contract for designing and making them. Although he is an American artist, he went with his desgn to Munich, where skilled laborers were more easily obtained and at more satisfactory prices than in this country. During the time he was engaged in preparing the models, he died, and his wife assumed the responsibility of carrying out her husband's plans, and completing the work. Through the influence of Mr. Ames, they were brought to this country and to his establishment, to be finished, and after four years of incessant toil are nearly completed, and it is hoped that before the first of October will be placed in the position for which they were designed, to be admired by all who visit the city where our laws are made, and which is the temporary home of our Presidents and greatest statesmen.

The parties who had this work in hand in Munich, not liking the idea of having it transferred to America, packed the plaster of Paris models so that they would surely be broken in transportation, and at the time of their arrival in Chicopee, they were in very bad condition; but by careful work the pieces were cemented together, and from the same models were made perfect images that will soon grace one of the entrances of the Capitol.

The cost of material and labor has been minutely reckoned by those having the work in charge, and the expense incurred by the government when the doors have been placed in their position, will not vary much from $75,000.

The doors are about twelve feet high by three feet wide, and each is divided into five panels, which are ornamented as follows: On the upper one is a beautifully designed wreath with a star inside its circle, which is made to answer the purpose of an elevator. The design on the second represents the death of Warren at Bunker Hill. It is certainly wonderful with what perfection this scene is rendered. Warren has fallen back in the arms of a soldier, on whose face and in whose eyes is depicted the most intense sorrow. The hat of the wounded officer lies on the ground at his side, and the deathly expression of his face is perfectly portrayed; a number of soldiers, just in front of where their commander had fallen, are firing at the enemy from behind a parapet.

The third panel represents Washington's famous rebuke of Lee at Monmouth. All are familiar with the history of this picture, how Washington, always suspicious of Lee, finding proofs of his treachery toward the cause for which the American army were fighting, cast upon him such a look as the human face seldom wears, and in the bitterness of his hatred for treason, used language that is nowhere else recorded of him by any historian.

The fourth represents Alexander Hamilton at Yorktown, and the charge of the Americans on the British forces. The army is represented in the act of charging on the enemy's lines, some whom have already fallen, and the imploring look in the faces of some of the wounded men will be pronounced true to nature by thousands who have witnessed the same terrible sights in our own late conflict. The lower panel is designed to represent a war scene. A man whose house and family are assaulted by a soldier, whose low-breeding and purely animal face cannot be disguised, has come hand to hand with his antagonist, after having discharged his musket, and handing it to his wife who is crouching close behind him with a child in her arms. The whole scene is very vivid and natural, even to the bullet hole in the window of the house of the assaulted family.

The other door, which folds with the one already described, is graced with scenes of peace, as the first is with war. The upper pannel, or ventilator, is the same as the other, but in the second the scene changes. All is quiet now, and the corner stone of the Capitol is being laid with Masonic honors. Men high in the world's history are using the square, and wearing the emblematic apron of the Master Mason's work in building the majestic edifice, and also an emblem of the ancient order of Free Masonry, of which Georg. Washington was a very worthy membere The third scene is Wasington taking his first solemn oath of office, in which are represented Livingstone, several members of the bar of high standing in those times, and other men of note.

The fourth panel represents the ovation of Washington at Trenton, which pictures his friends gathering around him, some of the children kneeling, and the expression of love and gratitude is in every face. The last scene is one of peace, and more perfect happiness and trust could not have been portrayed than is represented in the countenance of every one in the group. A family gathering is shown; the plough takes the place of the sword in the opposite picture, with a sheaf of ripened grain, the children have books in their hands, and the scene is as it is intended to be, one of perfect quietude and comfort.

TELEGRAPH.

Purchase by the British of all the Lines in the Empire.

The purchase of the entire network of telegraphs in Great Britain by the government is an accomplished fact, and we shall soon be in a position to judge whether the substitution in telegraphy of State action for private enterprise will be so successful as to justify our legislature in adopting the same principle. It must, however, be remembered that England has not taken the initiative in this matter, as the measure had been established successfully both in Belgium and Switzerland; but in these instances the lines were built at a minimum of cost by the authorities, and there were consequently no vested interests to conciliate at a large cost, as was naturally the case in Great Britain. In this respect the government is at a disadvantage. But when a privilege is granted, and an experiment is made by private enterprise, it is but just that such property should be valued at a high estimate, if the nation is to reap the result of a well established system.

The plan adopted by the House of Commons will, in our opinion, effect as great a revolution in telegraphy as the initiation of cheap postage accomplished in regard to the delivery of letters. It is proposed to cover the country with a complete network of lines, and to render them almost as available to the general use as is the post office at the present date. Here, already, is a material benefit gained, as under private administration, great care had been shown in only opening up communications with districts that would insure a fair paying business; but the aim, under government control, will be not so much to seek for an immediate return on the expenditure incurred as to extend the network, as far as possible, to the remotest districts of the kingdom, and thus in the future make the telegraph yield as good an income to the national exchequer as is now the case with the post office.

In many particulars, it must be confessed, the advantages of the government over private enterprise in this respect, assure the success of the undertaking. It has all its post offices with its staff of officials in ready and efficient order. The whole business being under its control, the management can be systematised as effectually as the carrying of letters. Not only will the charges be reduced to a uniform scale, and the dispatch of messages be immediate and trustworthy, but great facilities will be accorded for the forwarding of messages, as every post office will be a telgraph station, and it is even intended to collect stamped messages in out of the way places, at a certain hour daily by means of pillar posts, and to forward them to their destination as soon as they reach a central office. There is no doubt but that the government will reap an ample return on the six million sterling thus invested, but the main point to be kept in view is the immense increase of employment at remunerative salaries that will result from this extension of the telegraph system througout the United Kingdom.

A CORPSE WANTS A JULEP.

Singular Affair at Norfolk, Va.

The *Journal*, of Norfolk, says: "Rather a ludicrous event occurred recently. It having been reported that a certain gentleman had died, and was to have been buried on Saturday evening, quite a number of his old friends and acquaintances repaired to his house, to pay the last sad tribute of respect by following his remains to the grave.

As the death had been sudden, the coroner had been summoned, and when his duties had been performed, the remains were placed on an extemporized hearse, and the procession formed.

Before moving, the hospitalities of the deceased's house were extended to those present, in the shape of a good, stiff brandy julep to each, so as the better to enable them to undergo the fatigue of the long march to the new burying-ground.

While the pall-bearers, who were standing by the hearse, were slowly sipping their juleps, and now and again giving the goblets a slight shake to settle the ice in them, a noise was heard in the coffin, which turned some faces whiter than they had been for years before. Finally, the undertaker for the occasion mustered courage enough to unscrew the coffin lid, when, horrible to behold, up sat the supposed corpse, and coolly asked for his julep. Having quenched his thirst, he got down, and stated to the gaping crowd that he had been in a short trance, and knew all that was going on around him, but was unable to rouse himself until his ears were greeted with the familiar jingle of the ice, and his nose with the delicious smell of the brandy and mint in the goblets round the hearse, the thought called forth by which infused new life into his system, and the desire to partake became so strong that he was able to break the trance, which had come near to consigning him to a premature grave.

His friends were too much astonished at what they had witnessed, and too glad to see him among them again, to investigate the philosophy of the thing, so they all adjourned to his house, where juleps passed around long enough to almost accomplish for the whole party that fate from which the first one had so miraculously delivered their host.

THERE are 130,000 licensed liquor shops in the United States, and the sales last year amounted to $1,000,491,865, or nearly half as much as the interest bearing debt of the country.

AMERICANS spent $17,000,000 in gol in Paris last year.

For the Sunday Appeal.]

MY QUEEN.

LOVINGLY INSCRIBED TO ———, BY ANNIE CHAMBERS KETCHUM.

Tall is my Queen,—
Lithe as the lily's graceful stem,
And fair as her snow-white diadem,
My Josephine.

Rare is my Queen—
My lotos, in her beauty's dower,
Rivaling the rare Victoria flower,
My Josephine.

Bright is my Queen,—
The first bright star in the violet skies
No brighter shines than her violet eyes,
My Josephine,

Gay is my Queen,—
Birds that all day in the woods rejoice
No cheerier sing than her warbling voice,
My Josephine.

Kind is my Queen,—
Kind as the breeze at the noontide hour,
Kind as the dew to the fainting flower,
My Josephine.

True is my Queen,—
Glad with the glad,—Christ's word to keep—
And ready to weep with them that weep,
My Josephine.

Oh, silvery sheen
Of sky! oh, birds! oh, lilies white!
Bless with your breath, your song, your light,
My Josephine!

And ye, I ween,
Dearest of all th' Angelic Nine,*
Seraphim! guard with your sleepless eyne
My Josephine,

Till, white and clean,
She stands, Heaven's lights in her ransomed eyes,
At the blessed door of Paradise,
My Josephine.

EMBER WEEK, September, 1868.

*Les seraphins, O Dieu, les esprits d'amour, qui sont les plus sublimes, et que vous mettez a la tete de tous les celestes escadrons *le plus pres de vous!*—BOSSUET.

ARGENTINE REPUBLIC.

Exalted Character of Sarmiento, the New President.

Colonel Domingo F. Sarmiento has just been inaugurated President of the Argentine Republic. This event may be considered the beginning of an important era in the history of that country. From the character of the new President, his extraordinary and varied experience, his culture and executive ability, other nations have a right to expect something effective in the way of good government; and a thorough test of the fitness of a Spanish people to govern themselves. President Sarmiento is well known in this country as a scholar and a statesman of more than ordinary ability and foresight. He has studied the politics, the educational system and the social economy of the United States with great intelligence, and is altogether one of the most accomplished and progressive men who have ever risen to power in any country of South America. At the time of his election Colonel Sarmiento was absent from the Republic, and he resisted all the entreaties of his friends to return to aid the interests of his election. He had not set foot upon his native soil for seven years, and he was therefore without any political party or any pledges of policy which should lead one class to expect more at his hands than another.

Mrs. Horace Mann, in the preface to her translation of his work entitled "Life in the Argentine Republic" (more fully noticed in another column), says of the new President: "All who have followed the golden thread of his life through the chaotic changes that have harassed the life of the Republic, so determined to be free and progressive, in spite of all the temporary reactions of the barbaric element which has its seat in the peculiar composition of its society, feel, with him, that it is only by appreciation of his motives, sympathy with his aims, and confidence in his ability to save them from the present threatened anarchy, that he can have any assurance of doing good from the high position now assigned him. He has never flattered his countrymen; he has always recognized the barbarian tendencies which have so often overpowered the equally and persistent but vitally permanent influences of civilization, and he has been equally assiduous in his endeavors to arouse them from the apathy inherent, as it were, in a Spanish and at the same time priest-ridden community; but even Cordova, the 'City of Priests,' anchored in conservatism by the very character of its extraordinary university culture, looks to him now as the only salvation for the nation.

"Although a man of decided military ability, as has been proven at various times when patriotism has called him to the field, Colonel Sarmiento is eminently a man of peace, and during a long exile of twenty years, as well as in his subsequent brilliant career as Chief of the Department of Schools, Senator, Minister of State, and Governor of his native province, in his diplomatic missions to Chile, Peru, and the United States, he has had but one watchword: 'The Education of the People.'"

The events in the life of Sarmiento, which read like a romance, prove that he is a man of nerve and extraordinary courage. May he succeed in making his country a Republic in fact. The people of the United States can hardly be indifferent spectators of his efforts to make a country of freedom in South America, a worthy rival of their own.

INDIA.

The Abolition English Permit the Sale of Girls yet.

The Indian *Daily News* publishes the following translation of an extraordinary letter which has appeared in the *Shome Prokash*, one of the leading native papers:

"For a long time I have been roving about from country to country. And in these wanderings how many wonderful matters have I met in various localities! But what I have eyed in the bazar of Manicungo, situate within the Burdwan Zilla, far exceeds the others in singularity. There, divers commodities are brought for sale from various parts of the surrounding country. Desirous of viewing the beauties of the bazar, I was facing the narrow path between the rows of booths. Observing a crowd in one spot, I asked a gentleman, 'Sir, what is that row about?' He answered, 'Why, have you never been at this place? There are little girls being sold.' Having heard this, I immediately concluded that he was cracking jokes with me. I said, 'You are playing jests. Are you not aware that this is the English government? Here, at the mention of selling a man, one is punished.' On this he replied, 'What! sir, do you not know that there is permissinn for the sale of young girls in this bazar? If you do not believe me, measure a few steps forward, and all your doubts will disappear.' Tehn I conceived that such might be the case. While we were boys, we had heard that men were sold at the fair at Chetla (a suburb of Calcutta), and it was no wonder that such things should be repeated here. 'And, if what he has said comes out to be true,' I thought, 'it would prove very lucky to me.' Methinks that after a long time the destiny of the unmarried Brahmin is brightening. If in this opportunity I can catch hold of a young girl, the means are at hand of offering sacrifices—sacrifices to my ancestors—and also of holding forth to me a pot of hot water in my decropeitude. Then, taking much trouble to wade through the crowd, I reached the place fo sale, and in naked reality perceived a cluster of girls of from two to thirteen years of age, brought there for sale. Having espied the beauty of some among them, my heart danced with joy, and I thought 'perhaps God is turned favorable; one of these girls must be available at last to this importunate being.' I found some brokers walking to and fro and summoning the customers. To obtain the girls, every one at first supplicated them. If they can settle a bargain, they generally get ten per cent. as their commission, and over and above that at times some offerings. Having seen some customers cluster round a girl of thirteen, I went to the spot. I saw them all lost in silence and amazement. After hearing the boastful, high-toned words of the seller, struck with the exquisite beauty of the girl, I at once took it into my head to ask about the price, when an old man of seventy whispered an offer of $750 to the broker, and off I ran instantly. Then I inquired the price of a handsome girl of about seven years of age. But her master was sitting coolly by fixing her price at $450, and the broker said that many had bidden $350, but still he had not consented. Finding here also no chance for me, I came to ask the price of another girl of a similar nature. Her owner, a female, demanded a price which might terminate in a bargain, but she produced a list of appendages which I found it impossible to make arrangements for. Then I went over to the spot where the blind, the lame and deformed girls were selling, but found that even they were not without customers. I turned my eye towards little infant-like girls, and perceived that some were not weaned. What stock I had could only suffice to buy for me a girl of such a nature. But I could not dare to take one, lest she expired from illness. Sir, I also saw the exchange of daughters in another part of that bazar. Those who were concerned in it did not take much trouble, for a bargain was soon struck; but by that some party or other must be the loser. Mr. Editor, you are in the habit of dwelling on all questions, from spiritualism up to politics; but if, by your mighty pen, you can turn the attention of the government officials to this matter, then many Brahmin families may be saved from perdition. When they have given permission to sell girls, if they can fix a price on them by classifying them according to their age and beauty, that would be of service some day to unfortunate individuals like me. It is observable that while the rates have been fixed to carriages and palankeens, can there be any harm if the population of the country is increased, when the prices have been settled of these girls for sale in the bazar?"

LIFE PRESERVING SHAWL.

Captain Peacock's Granulated Cork Poncho.

A correspondent of the *Standard*, writing from the Havre Exhibition, in a detailed description of the different life-saving apparatus, gives some account of Captain Peacock's granulated cork Poncho (a kind of cloak or blanket with a slit in the middle through which to pass the head) Mattresses, or life, limb, and treasure preserver, says:

"They are simply beds which, in the event of wreck, will bear you up for an indefinite length of time in water. The person using this simple contrivance, if he have a few minutes to spare, may after securing his own safety by thrusting his own head, poncho fashion, and buckling on the apparatus, secure his gold and papers, and a store of preserved provisions in haversacks, with a bottle of wine and a bottle of water in holsters, turn the pillow over the head for its protection, and commit himself with some confidence to the ocean. If he can be drowned—that is, deluged to death by the waves—he cannot sink; he is carried with his face above the crest surf, and with his legs and arms perfectly free. Naval authorities have affirmed that such an invention might have been of peculiar value in the cases of the Royal Charter, Luna, Nimrod, Hungarian, and Queen of the South. Three or four individuals may cling to it without over-weighing it. At Exmoth, as an experiment, a coast-guardsman wearing the Peacock mattress, having in his pocket the weight of 2000 sovereigns, with a bottle of water and a bottle of rum, jumped overboard in deep and raging water, swam to and fro, occasionally refreshed himself, and got to shore exactly when and where he wished, declaring that he could have brought in two or three persons. The Havre Mariners profess an unlimited admiration for the idea."

This is certainly one of the most luxurious modes of saving one's life that could be easily constructed. Throwing one's self from a water-logged, sinking vessel into the black, furious waters, to be swiftly and roughly alternated from the level of the main to the highest altitude of its waves, and preserve not only a feeling of security, but to refresh one's self occasionally from a store of "preserved provisions," or a "bottle of wine," would make the incident of a shipwreck desirable to some tastes, and a matter of no distress for any body. With the facilities afforded by this cork mattress the passengers of a doomed vessel would coolly go to work in anticipation of the coming adventure in the storm-lashed sea. Our young American would carefully store away in his haversack a week's supply of sandwiches, in his knapsack a few changes of linen, some bottles of brandy, not forgetting a box of mild Conchas, and a bottle or two of Sauterne, to drive away nausea in the morning; then carefully adjusting his poncho, would bid a cherry good-bye and commit himself to the no longer dangerous element. It may be, if he were wrecked in the Mediterranean, that a desire would come over him to land on the Spanish coast, that his poncho might avail him among that people as not only an appropriate but fashionable garment for every day wear. Mr. Peacock has truly smoothed the rough usage that the bifurcated have so often received at the will of the aqueous element.

Pity 'tis, 'tis true that this merciful craft could not be adapted to the exigencies of Mississippi disasters, that passengers suddenly spilled into its turbid waters, could go down the current with no particular care for the change of transportation, other than that a Mississippi cat-fish might take it into his piscine head to divide rations and put them on short allowance. But the fault of the poncho, so far as its applicability to the dangers of inland navigation is concerned, is quite serious. People traveling on our Western waters have no especial fear of going *down*, but entertain a lively apprehension all the while of going *up*; a contingency not provided for in this very excellent and humane invention.

FRENCH AUTHORS.

Gossip from Child's Publisher's Circular.

Never did literary men, French literary men, insist more than at present upon the absolute necesity of living in Paris in order to work well. Critics are unanimously of opinion that M. Theodore Barriere owes his continued dramatic failures, of late, to his suburban residence M. F. Sarcey went, a short time since, to M. Victorien Sardou's beautiful country seat, at Marly. He said: "What a charming place to work at!" M. Sardou replied: "Oh dear, no! A good place to dream in; but when I want to work I slip on my overcoat, take the railway, and in fifteen minutes I am in the Chaussee d'Antin—*there* I get in the humor for working." This feverish life of Paris is proving fatal to many an author. A good many authors reported ill are really kept by their friends in seclusion because their minds are jangled.

After all sorts of conflicting rumors about M. Theodore Pelloquet, we are now told on authority: "Pelloquet was arrested a few days since at Grasse as a vagabond. Hearing of his arrest, the sub-prefect of Grasse guessed the vagabond was none other than the literary man he had heard spoken of, and he had him carried to the hospital. The following day poor Pelloquet was placed in the care of two *gen d'armes*, with whom he entered Nice in the evening. He passed the night at the police station. The next morning he was recognized and carried to the lunatic asylum at Nice. He is speechless, and deprived of reason."

M. Earnest Capendu was buried a few days ago, after a most feverish life. He was born in affluence, at least in independence of fortune. His father was a wine merchant, who left $60,000 or $80,000 to be divided between his wife and only child. He unfortunately died before his son grew up to man's estate. The moment young Capendu was in possession of his fortune he launched into the most riotous living, and in a short time found himself not only at the end of his estate, but to the lips in debt. His mother came to his assistance, and sacrificed a portion of her estate to release him from his creditors. He continually applied to her for money, and at last she was obliged to refuse to give him any more.

Then occurred a passage in his life which is enveloped in so much obscurity that I scarcely feel at liberty to speak of it. Whatever it was, it made it necessary for him to quit France. She died soon after his departure, it was said, broken-hearted. In the course of time he returned to France, and appealed to his pen to support him. His struggles for livelihood by it were long, but at last he found it remunerative, and was fortunate enough to write a comedy, *Les Faux Bonhommes*, with M. Theodore Barriere, which had a long run of success, and must have brought him in a good deal of money. But his habits were extravagant. He had, like many literary men here, married his mistress, who probably knew little of domestic economy. He tried the theater several times after, but never attained great success. He meantime wrote novel upon novel, and for a moment had some vogue as a novelist; then favor deserted him, and his pen could not have supplied him with an abundant income, although it never ceased to blot paper. At last—and he was scarcely turned of forty years of age when this last, dreadful blow came—his mind became impaired. He was not exactly insane; his disease was rather a softening of the brain; he could still work, but every day a thicker veil intervened between his mind and his task, and at last intellectual night came. Fortunately physical night soon followed, and the fevered, weary laborer was laid in the grave. His wife survived him, but I believe they had no children. One of his lunatic conceits was to keep his wife in bed during nearly the whole of the last year of his life; he pursuaded himself she was dangerously ill. He had for many years been exceedingly eccentric, and his intimate friends had long expected he would go crazy.

The Imperial Printing Office has issued M. Joseph Derenbourg's Essai sur l'Histoire de la Palestine, depuis Cyrus jusqu'a Adrien, d'apres les Thalmuds et les autres sources rabbiniques. M. Ernest Renan says of it: "We earnestly recommend this work to persons who take interest in the history of Judaism and Christianity. It is full of solid learning, and in it the author gives evidence of rare penetration of mind. He is one of our most meritorious Oriental scholars."

SEYMOUR.

Curious Coincidence—Unhappy Discoveries by the Radicals.

Some Radicals have made discoveries that have disheartened them. One of them says no person has been elected President of the United States, by the people, who was entitled to a middle name, and he, therefore, regards the election of Horatio Seymour a foregone conclusion. John Quincy Adams was elected by the House of Representatives, and James K. Polk was not entitled to the "K," having commenced, early in life with the simple "James." Look at the list: George Washington, John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, James Monroe, Andrew Jackson, Martin Van Buren, Zachary Taylor, Franklin Pierce, James Buchanan and Abraham Lincoln. Next in order, thinks this Radical explorer after curious political coincidences, will be Horatio Seymour.

Another one has discovered that no candidate for President who was childless was ever beaten by an opponent who had children, in an election by the people, Take the cases of George Washington. James Madison, Andrew Jackson, and James Buchanan. Other Radicals have been made unhappy by that discovery.

Another one has discovered that by numbering each letter of the alphabet in regular order, commencing with A, one, and ending with Z, twenty-six; and then taking the numbers opposite the letters of "Seymour and Blair," and the numbers opposite the letters of "Grant and Colfax," he finds that the first add up one hundred and seventy-seven, and the last one hundred and forty, making together three hundred and seventeen, just the number of votes in the Electoral College for the year 1868. Seymour and Blair to have one hundred and seventy-seven, and Grant and Colfax one hundred and forty.

The conclusion from all these curious coincidences is, that Seymour will be the next President, sure.

THE exports of sugar and molasses from Cuba last year was 530,669 tons sugar and 193,443 tons molasses, of which 62.51 per cent. came to the United States.

BEVERLY, Massachusetts, has 45 shoe factories.

A BOSTON dealer sells 600 frogs per week.